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THE LATE GERMAN FIELD-MARSHAL, COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE

[See Page 240.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL. RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

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WE shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

WE are obliged this week to defer the editorial contribution regarding the "State Care of the Insane," announced for this issue. In its place we print Professor Totten's extraordinary calculations regarding the approach of the long-predicted Biblical millennium. We shall print the insanity article next week.

A WORD FOR THE PRESIDENT.

THIS is an American Administration. It is intended for the advancement, development, and protection of American interests. After President Harrison's inauguration we said that he proposed to make this a business man's Administration; that he proposed to have the respect of other nations, and to make the American as proud of his country as he had right and reason to be.

President Harrison intrusted the State portfolio to one of the keenest and most popular of American statesmen. There was thus, at the outset of the Administration, a combination of two powerful intellects—the one impetuous, vigorous, alert, and strategic; the other calm, patient, thoughtful, and discerning.

While the eloquent voice of Mr. Blaine has been heard in favor of reciprocity, it was the masterly judgment of the President himself that led to the formulation of the act of Congress giving him the power to secure reciprocal trade relations, without the delay and risk that treaty-making always invites and involves.

It was the President himself who dictated the prompt and powerful letter to the Governor of Louisiana, protesting against the New Orleans outbreak. It was his admonition and sagacious counsel that prevailed at a critical moment, when a few silver kings in Congress, without the support of the majority of their own constituents, but governed solely by selfish instincts, threatened to jeopardize the credit of the country.

It was President Harrison who opened the way for a material increase in the coinage of silver, in the face of protests from Wall Street, and he proved to the protesters that the advocates of freer silver coinage were not altogether in the wrong.

It was President Harrison who earnestly and courageously espoused the cause of protection and hastened the passage of the McKinley bill, which more than any other since the close of the war has emphasized the attitude of the Republican party regarding a question of paramount importance to our industries—agricultural and manufacturing—and to our working masses on the farm and in the factory.

President Harrison has not shrunk, in the face of the strongest denunciation, from persistently urging an extension of our postal facilities, and the substantial encouragement of our merchant marine by the granting of just and fair bounties. In every measure affecting business interests he has led public sentiment, and espoused a progressive policy.

Though there has been no beating of gongs to attract attention, he has been the real inspiring leader of his party—as it was intended by his election that he should be—in every movement to broaden and develop the expanding trade and commerce of the United States.

Complaint against the President comes only from two classes: First, the many embraced among his political opponents, who oppose the policy of his party and himself, not for personal but purely for political reasons; secondly, the few always to be found in the ranks of the party in power who, with or without reason, are dissatisfied with the distribution of its political patronage.

It has been charged that this Administration has not paid sufficient attention to politics. From the standpoint of the politician this may be true; but the President cannot justly be held responsible for the distribution of patronage, so long as unwritten law and undeniable precedent have placed the distribution of the offices largely in the hands of Members of Congress.

At no time in the history of this country have party ties rested more lightly upon the people. It is clearly discerned by all thoughtful men that the masses prefer a business man's to a politician's Administration. Such an Administration as they want and need they are having, and if as a result, as seems highly probable, we shall find toward the close of President Harrison's term a condition of prosperity widespread and undeniable, it will be the best evidence that the President, and not the politicians, is right.

The natural, obvious, and undoubted result of such a condition of affairs will be the retention in political control of the party and its leaders, to whom our prosperity will be largely due, and to whom it must in all fairness be properly credited.

A STARTLING PROPHECY—THE LAST YEAR OF GRACE.

ON April 9th I made and published a calculation which has been so generally misunderstood, and upon which my conclusions have been so universally misquoted, that I take the liberty of sending you the whole matter over my own signature, as the only safe way to send truth after error, so that by fleeter wings, perchance, it may overtake the unauthorized reports now floating in the press.

I am a Christian, and am orthodox upon the Apostolic basis. I have studied the Bible with searching scrutiny. Before the bar of whatever mathematical and logical ability I have, I have weighed, measured, and numbered much of its historico-prophetical chronology, and find it to be without possible flaw. It is a perfect and stupendous system, a consecutive one, and its evolution cannot but have been supernatural.

Of course there are things therein deeper than all human understanding—before them I stand with bowed, uncovered head; but there are others intended to be searched out, and some of them I have sought and found. I have as yet made no "prediction" as to the "hour," "day," or "year" of the Saviour's approaching advent. I have simply stated that the whole system of Biblical chronology unites in pronouncing it "impending," and that *it must occur before* 1899¼. Without specifying any dates, I will state further that it will almost inevitably be "*nearer*" *to this end* of the eight intervening years, than to that which is its ultimate bourne.

The year 1899¼ (March) is the "end of the age" and the "beginning of the millennium," *i.e.*, of the seventh or Sabbatic thousand years. To the ordinary intellect this means the "end of the world," and, in effect, it will be literally that—by which I mean the end of man's haphazard, irresponsible methods and systems. The "iron crown" will be knocked off of mortal brows, and with an "iron rod" immortal hands will thenceforth direct such human affairs as shall survive the crisis. If this is not plain, God help the English understanding.

We are told that the millennium will last "a thousand years." It will be time enough to analyze that term when it shall have well begun. In the meantime, as we are upon the hither side of its commencement, let us re examine my calculation: Upon the first day of Nisan, or *sacred* (Jewish) New Year's Day (April 9th, 5651 A.M.) I sent the following letter to the editor of the New Haven *Register:*

"SIR:—I submit the following *ominous* exegesis, or *chronological sermon*, upon a text which has deeply concerned all former generations of Christians:

"THE TEXT.

"'Now *when* these things *begin* to come to pass, *then* look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.

"'Verily I say unto you, *that generation* shall not pass away till *all* be fulfilled.'—LUKE XXI., 28, 32.

"[This is the correct translation, and the interpolated parable of the fig-tree (verses 29-31) were vouchsafed to enable us, when that time should arrive, to determine 'spring' from 'winter.' History has no parallel to the generation upon whose final decade we have now entered, nor have the centuries a duplicate to ours, now so near its wane.]

"A generation is 'three score years and ten,' or seventy years; fifty-seven generations are 3,990 years.

"Hence the fifty-eighth generation began in .... 3991 A.M.

"N. B.—When this fifty-eighth generation was seventeen years gone, the Saviour, a lad of twelve, was presented in the temple—and let it be noted well that when this present eighty-fifth generation shall have been similarly seventeen years gone the end will have been recorded as a finished fact! These figures, Mr. Editor, are ominously dreadful, and there is no escape from them except a reckless mood of ridicule.

"Now consult Matthew xx., 1-16—The hours are supposed to be 'one hundred and fifty and three' years each, plus a small fraction.

"12 times 153 years (added) is........................ ....1836½± years

"And brings us to..5827½+ A.M.

"This was the *end* of the twelfth 'hour.'

"Add one generation (*i.e.*, the one referred to in our text as 'THAT generation')......................... +70 years

"This brings us to..5897½+ A.M.

"Which corresponds to our March, 1899 A.D.

"Who can doubt that THE generation referred to as 'THAT generation' is THIS GENERATION? If so, it has but eight years more to run, and the year ahead of us [from this day, April 9th, 1891, A.D., which is the first day of the new sacred (Jewish) year, 5651, A.M.] is a year of the Lord, a day of grace, a year of prayer! I mean this *literally*, for it cannot be written in Hebrew without suggesting the incommunicable name J(e)H(o)V(a)H! At its termination, Tuesday, March 29th, 1892, A.D., the final week of anti-Christ begins; its final three and one-half years constitute the period of 'Jacob's Trouble!' and during its final three and one-half literal days the two witnesses will lie dead in the streets of Babylon! 'Whoso is wise will ponder these things!' When human calculations fail, they do so because of our inability to catch in the net of our understanding the smaller fish which pass through the meshes of the mind. If we are able to catch the 'hundred and fifty and three' great fishes (John xxi., 1-11) the draught is surely ominous enough to make us feel the nearness of One whose advent we expect, although, like the Apostles, we may not dare to ask him, 'Who art Thou?' (John xxi., 12.) It is concerning these things that we conjure our race to think, for never in the history of man stood Adam's posterity upon so ominous a threshold."

Thus far my brief and original announcement. As to the number "an hundred and fifty and three," all that I can state is that around it the chronology of the Scripture clusters, but beyond this statement it is impossible for me to go, unless I monopolize all the space in your paper; for I will not discuss such matters except exhaustively.

But it strikes me that a further elucidation of the "ominous exegesis" will be *apropos*, and will perhaps assist my fellows to appreciate just where we all stand. Those may doubt Noah who wish, but I believe him, or I would logically reject Christ, who guarantees the account by referring to it, as well as to Jonah. It is my conviction that if Noah stood among us to-day he would preach with far more anxiety than when a mere death by water threatened to sweep off the race of Adam, and it is with a modicum of this very spirit of concern that I am endeavoring to be heard in the best of modern pulpits—to wit: the press; for the churches are well-nigh deserted, as we all well know. And so long as they preach what they do I am glad of it—so long, per saving clause, as we, sons of English ancestors, who were the sons of grander ones, have the Bible in our houses, and in most of the schools!

Let me then refer your readers once more to the parable of the householder (Matt. xx., 1-16), and continue my illustration, for I have some hard historic facts wherewith to bear the "exegesis" out. If we read this momentous parable in the light of history, as elucidated by the now determined length of the several "hours" (153 plus years), the whole matter becomes as clear as noonday to such as "having eyes" use them to "see."

For instance, "the householder" goes out "early in the morning," *i.e.*, the Saviour was born in 3996 A.M. (*i.e.*, in the 6 x 666 year of the world). At the age of twelve, or in the year 4008 A.M., he was presented, as the manner was, in the temple. At this moment 17-153rds of the "hour" were over, *i.e.*, 1-9th. This, on a scale of 60 minutes, was at the 6.66 minute (!) of the first "hour." At the age of thirty, or in 4026 A.M., he was baptized, and soon after commenced his ministry, which terminated at the crucifixion in 4029½. The first "quarter" of this first "hour" (about 38.25 years) was then indicated by the dial.

During the remainder of the "hour" the Canon of the New Testament was written, and the gospel was preached by the "laborers," whom the Master himself had commissioned. Note particularly, too, that they were sent to the "Lost Sheep of the House of Israel," that they went to sections of the earth where seven of the ten tribes then were, and that Paul converted the royal family of Britain, and that he and the British Heir Apparent, whom he made a bishop while both were prisoners in Rome, carried the gospel to the "Islands of the West." [This can be demonstrated if doubted.]

The Saviour passes over the next two hours, but notes that the "householder" went out again "*about* the third hour," 3x 153=459, plus years. Hence, as the count commences in 3991, we are brought to 4450 A.M., at which very instant Rome officially told the Britons to take care of their own affairs, and by two separate edicts absolved her from even her quondam allegiance. [I can give facts if they are wanted.]

Now it was at this very time that the Saxons came over to England. It was the age of Ulphilas, the bishop of the Gothei, who translated the Bible and sowed the good wheat among them. During this fourth hour, *i.e.*, from three o'clock, as it were, onward, for 153 years, *i.e.*, until 4603 A.M., the "laborers" swarmed into Israel's vineyard, and ere it ended the Saxons and Goths were converted!

Skip the next two hours (no wonder the Saviour did so!) and arrive we at about the sixth hour. (Take out your modern watch, my friend, and illustrate it for yourself!) The year was 4909 A.M., and the hour extends to 5062 A.M. It was at *about* this sixth "hour," sharp, that Alfred the Great translated the Bible into our own tongue, and placed it on our altars. It has been chained there, Mr. Editor, in former times, and for good and sufficient reasons.

During the whole of this hour the active vineyard work was the conversion of the Norsemen, and at its end they swarmed over into England, under William the Conqueror, and rounded the completeness of Our Race, ravening like Naamans, the sons of Benjamin, in the morning, and dividing the spoil, in the Doomsday Book, at eventide.

Pass we now onward with the parable (for the Saviour skips these dismal middle ages) to the eventful Ninth hour, 5368 A.M., the age of John Wickliffe and his new translation of the Bible, the age of John Knox, of John Huss, and of Jerome of Prague,—the dawn of the English Reformation!

Were there no laborers in the vineyard of Our Race in this eventful hour? The whole of it was pregnant with events, patent ones, and fitting to the parable, and our ancestors used their pruning-hooks much better than their children do! At the close of this notable division of the dial (5521 A.M.), Luther, book in hand, was at Worms! It was the time of Tyndall and Melanchthon and Calvin.

The Tenth hour passes (well skipped, for in those days Israel was somewhat "back-sliding" as of yore), merging soon into the stirring "Eleventh," which commenced with 5673 A.M., at "*about*" which we have "King James's Bible" (1607–11 A.D.), and throughout the whole of which "hour" there were honest "laborers" at work, as "Puritan" and "Pilgrim" history doth unimpeachably attest.

These are stubborn factors, and it is a more stubborn one that the "Twelfth hour" struck in 1827 A.D. Since then it has been "eventide." The laborers have been paid, and a far more startling parable concerns "this" generation (seventy years) of the end—whatever that may mean, and I believe it means the Second Advent, with whatever that implies. It is the parable of the "wise and foolish virgins," and we have all with one consent been asleep since 1844, when Miller's preaching culminated, and since when, forsooth, we "fell" so—"because the bridegroom tarried."

Once more I assert, with deep concern and fully conscious of every responsibility involved, that there are but eight years left to "that," i.e., "*to this generation*"; *and that this very year (April 9th,* 1891, *to March 29th,* 1892) *is the final one of "grace," of prayer and of repentance; for the seven that follow it will be hurrying ones, and will be loaded with the besom of Jehovah's "judgments."*

I do not base this upon the reading of one parable, or two, but all, and there is not a solitary "time prophecy" in the whole Bible, concerned with the "end" of this halting, faithless "dispensation," that does not bear me out. I can prove this, sir, if you wish it, in a series of chronological sermons as terse as the one lately printed on the first day of this current Jewish lunar year (April 9th, 1891)—and they shall be so plain that the running men need not err therein.

I know whereof I speak when I say that the system of chronology upon which all of my own calculations brace and verify each other is correct, and, finally, I submit to you, and to your hard-headed, common-sense English readers, this significant proposition, to wit:

There can be but one accurate sequence of years; upon it the

cycles of the heavenly bodies must fall into place without lapse or clashing, because it is from these very cycles that chronology is and must be evolved! Now, if God Almighty did speak by the prophets, it is preposterous to suppose that He went out of His way to speak in "approximations," and "after the manner of men."

No; that sort of a premise is insulting even to mortal common sense! A fool would not waste his idleness in discussing it! If God has spoken, as to the "times and seasons," He must have used accurate expressions, and He must have had accurate cycles in mind. And further, I submit that, if these things are so, it is hopeless to understand them unless we put every recorded "jot and tittle" into the equation.

It was by doing this that I was enabled to verify the fact of Joshua's Long Day, and the "ten degrees" or forty minutes added to the cycles in the time of Hezekiah. Now it was just at this point, and by means of this very double day [which splits solar time (2,555½ years) from Adam *to* it; and lunar time (3,437 years) *from* it to the date of this writing; making in all 5,992 years, or eight short of 6,000!] that I succeeded in getting *on to* the true system! I believe I am there "with both heels," and I use the "slang" to fix the fact in modern ears! Now such a system is *ipso facto* the very "skeleton of history," its vertebral column, and to it, as before stated, all the prophecies agree, with one consent! If I am right, sir, the claims I make are like reading in an "open book," and would it not be dastardly to read it to myself?

Finally, it must be manifest that I cannot set forth the principles of this one and only true system of chronology in a newspaper article; but as I am already "on record" in a volume which does so, and as this late calculation is merely a single new ray focusing upon the identical dates therein set forth, I maintain that the latter cannot be shaken without shaking both, and that the former cannot be moved without disturbing the whole system of astronomical motion.

During the six months which have elapsed since I published this scheme in the volume entitled "Joshua's Long Day and the Dial of Ahaz; a Scientific Vindication and a Midnight Cry," no one has come forward over his own signature and invalidated a single element in that calculation, and it has been patent to the thousands who have already followed the discussion, book in hand, that it cannot be invalidated without mathematical suicide. It is merely a rigid reversing of the "times and seasons" recorded in our modern almanacs—they stand or fall together! I am no "prophet," sir; I am simply a hard worker. My *forte*, if anything, is that of an "interpreter." I thank God, gladly, for the light I have received and that I can, before the event, warn such as have wisdom enough to come in at the sound of the seven nearing "thunders"! (*Revelations* x.)

As your readers well know—for I am on record in your columns—I look upon this matter in its secular aspect as a "professional" one, *i.e.*, a military one pure and simple. Around it in the "week of years" ahead of us the "Eastern Question" will be solved, as set forth in your Easter-tide issue of April, 1890; and around it the equally momentous "Western Question" of Europe will also be straightened out. There is work ahead of us, and Saxon swords will have not a little to say in the human phases of the coming time of "Jacob's Trouble"!

C. A. Totten U.S.Army

YALE UNIVERSITY, NEW HAVEN, *April 17th*, 1891.

[NOTE.—Professor Totten is Professor of Tactics in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale University.]

DISCUSSING SILVER.

EDWARD ATKINSON'S recent contributions to our editorial columns on the silver question have attracted much attention and general comment. A number of subscribers have written either in approval or condemnation of Mr. Atkinson's views. It would be obviously impossible for us to make room for all the correspondence received on this subject. The question is too broad to be considered in such a manner. One or two points, however, are made which deserve attention.

A correspondent at Denver, Col., for instance, controverts Mr. Atkinson's views, and closes by asking: "Why cannot a silver dollar be coined that will stand side by side in value with a gold dollar, and not have to be bolstered with paper to be transferred into a gold dollar, when at the same time there must come a loss to the Government by having in the treasury reserves hundreds of millions of silver dollars worth eighty cents each? It is the duty of the Government to protect its poorer citizens and coin a fair silver dollar that will be a dollar of like value to a gold dollar."

The same suggestion has frequently been made by those who have not given the subject profound study. It happens that gold is the standard of commercial value throughout the world. It, therefore, has become the unit of value. Silver, on the other hand, varies from day to day in its purchasing power, and it would therefore be necessary to change the number of grains in a silver dollar with every variation in the price of that metal. There is no such variation in the price of gold, as it is the recognized unit of value. Our correspondent can readily see that his suggestion has one very serious objection to its practical utilization.

From Spokane Falls, Wash., another correspondent writes at some length in opposition to Mr. Atkinson's views, and insists that Mr. Atkinson is wrong when he says that "a legal-tender act forces a man to whom wages are due to take a silver dollar when he would prefer a gold dollar." Our Spokane subscriber says: "No legal-tender act can ever impair contracts. If wages are payable in gold it does not force a man to take silver."

This statement, of course, is true, but our Spokane correspondent must know that a contract for wages is rarely entered into. That would be impossible in most cases, for employers would hesitate to make a contract by which wages should be paid in gold, if there were any danger of a financial disturbance or of legislation that would imperil the gold standard and put gold at a premium.

An act making silver a legal-tender, and providing for its unlimited coinage would inevitably lead to the use of the cheaper metal wherever an advantage could be derived from its use. Capitalists might protect themselves by making loans only on the basis of payment in gold; but if the working masses undertook to make such a stipulation they would find it difficult, and would obviously be the sufferers. It is, therefore, to the interest of the working masses that the standard of value should be maintained at the highest point, so that the currency they receive may be as good as gold, and have the highest possible purchasing power.

A long and sensible letter from a subscriber at Needles, Cal., which we would like to print if we had room, says:

"Our danger lies not in the unlimited coinage of silver, but in a free and unlimited issue of credit money, and that legal-tender silver is a credit money none the less because the dollar coined contains only seventy-seven cents' worth of metal. * * * If the United States stamp transmutes paper into a currency equal in value to gold, agitators would shortly be found to propose a law allowing every man to make his own paper and bring it to the Treasury to have it stamped for money. This would be no more ridiculous than the reasoning of the silver advocates, that as this country has maintained the coin already in circulation at a face value nearly thirty per cent. above its intrinsic value, it can just as easily maintain all the silver uncoined in the world at present and all the surplus product in the future, together with the entire coinage of all the silver standard nations, at a like inflated value."

This correspondent agrees with Mr. Atkinson that if any attempt were made to carry out the policy of the silver kings the effect would simply be that the silver coinage would have no value beyond what it possessed as bullion, and the silver already in circulation would rapidly decline to the same value. There can be no doubt that this is the only logical conclusion to be arrived at. It is not reasonable that because the credit of the United States has been able to sustain at a parity with gold the enormous amount of silver at present in circulation, it can continue this depreciated silver coinage indefinitely and to an unlimited extent, and still maintain silver up to the standard of gold. It might as well be maintained that, because a man can drink and assimilate a pint of milk, he can, with equal facility, drink and assimilate a quart or a gallon. There are limits to all things, excepting the vain imaginings of a few silver-producers.

It is to the credit of the people in the West and South, that as they have read both sides of the silver question they have been coming to regard it more sensibly, and to incline quite strongly to the attitude of the Middle and Eastern States, in favor of a restricted silver coinage limited to the American product of the precious metal. The credit of the Government seems sufficient to maintain silver coinage to this extent at a parity with gold. Beyond this it would be extremely hazardous to venture.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Fargo (N. D.) *Sun* says that that State has had a bountiful harvest, and is abundantly able to care for its poor. It denounces newspapers and others in North Dakota that have been appealing to the public for help for farmers of that State, and says such appeals do more harm than good, as they show either that North Dakota's bountiful harvests are a myth, or that assistance is not needed.

THE fictitious value imparted to trivial objects by the zeal of a few collectors, professional and amateur, is revealed by the fact that at a recent sale of postage-stamps in this city, a five-cent stamp brought three hundred and twenty-six dollars. It was indexed as "Cauca, 1879, black, type 978, on original envelope." Other stamps more or less rare sold at from ten dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars each. The Cauca stamp, it is said, is extant in only four specimens.

THE Democratic Mayor of Brooklyn, Mr. Chapin, did a very bold thing when he recently appointed a colored man on the Brooklyn Board of Education. It is said that the most courageous act of President Cleveland's Administration was the appointment of a colored man to be recorder of deeds at Washington. The significance of both these appointments lies in the fact that they were made by Democrats and were accepted apparently without a murmur by the Democratic party.

A CLERGYMAN at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., under date of April 16th, thus expresses the pleasure he has derived from a recent subscription to this newspaper:

"FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, I am free to say, exceeds my expectations both in the fineness of the pictures (from photographs) given, and the beauty and clearness of the type and printing, and excellence of the extra calendered paper used. I also am much pleased with the tone of *all* its articles—far above those in most contemporaries."

THE romantic story recently printed and widely circulated that the protracted Hatfield and McCoy family feud was shortly to be ended by a marriage between the families proves to be utterly without foundation. The Parkersburg (W. Va.) *State Journal* long since declared it to be a "hoax," and information comes to us from authentic sources that the story is utterly untrue. It was given out, it is said, by one of the Hatfields, who wished to add to his notoriety. While the bitter enmity between the Hatfield and McCoy families continues, they have suspended hostilities of late, solely in fear of the law, which has been recently invoked more freely than ever before for their punishment and suppression.

THE people of the United States can congratulate themselves on the fact that in the production of iron and steel they have made the best record during the past year that has ever been made by any country, not even excepting Great Britain, the king of the iron-producing and manufacturing world. The marvelous growth of the iron and steel industry of the United States, under the fostering influence of a protective policy, is the strongest argument in favor of the maintenance and strengthening of that policy. Facts and figures do not lie, and any sensible man, who will glance at the history of the American iron and steel industry, must be convinced that its phenomenal development is mainly due to the beneficent influences of wise tariff legislation.

MR. HENRY WATTERSON, in an interview printed in a Texas newspaper, says: "If New York appears in the next Democratic Convention in favor of Cleveland's nomination, he will be nominated. If it appears that it is against him, or seriously divided, I do not think he will be." Mr. Watterson at last shows a just appreciation of the real situation of the Democracy, a situation outlined in this paper a year ago. There is no possible prospect of Mr. Cleveland's having the delegates from the State of New York at the next Democratic National Convention. They will be for Hill—practically, if not absolutely, unanimous for him. No doubt, six months from now, Mr. Watterson will realize the truth of this prediction, but every astute politician in New York realizes it now.

TRAVELERS to Europe will be glad to know that one of the steamship lines has come to the sensible conclusion to divide the moneys contributed at saloon concerts on shipboard, between American and English seamen's institutions. Heretofore all these collections on both the outgoing and incoming steamers have been devoted to a Liverpool institution, though American passengers, by far the largest contributors, have repeatedly asked that a part of the funds should be given to some American institution. The action of the White Star Line in offering to divide this fund sets a good example for other lines. There are several worthy institutions, devoted to the interests of American seamen, that would be glad to share in the collections regularly taken up on ocean steamers.

JAY GOULD is one of the most cautious of men. When he sends for a newspaper reporter, as he recently did at Denver, to give him an interview, he takes particular pains to measure every word he utters. The Denver reporter referred to created a sensation by the interview he printed. It credited Mr. Gould with language in reference to his competitors and the public similar to that once credited to the late William H. Vanderbilt by a Chicago reporter. Every one who knows Mr. Gould's characteristic caution and conservatism perceived at once that the Denver interview was either a fabrication or a distortion. It was not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Gould promptly telegraphed that it was the latter. Railroad magnates would profit by writing out their own interviews and sending them to the printer, after the style of some eminent statesmen who might be named.

IF the report is true that Secretary Foster has decided to put in circulation the $21,000,000 of fractional currency in the Treasury, the new secretary has decided to do a very sensible thing; but he would please the masses still more if he could put in circulation the fractional paper currency that was so convenient and popular during and after the war. Every shopkeeper and every newspaper receiving out-of-town orders has felt the woeful need of fractional paper currency. Silver, because of its weight and for other obvious reasons, is not handy for circulating through the mails. Fractional paper currency for small transactions is convenient, and ordinarily can be transmitted with safety, and without fear of exposing the fact that it is in the course of transmission. There is absolutely no good reason against the issue of a fractional paper currency, and there are many reasons in its favor.

TWO YEARS ago a partisan press begged the public to consider the appalling spectacle of an enormous surplus in the Federal Treasury. Now the same partisan press begs the public to understand that the Treasury surplus has all but disappeared, and that a great disaster impends. All this sort of sensational "bosh," served up by partisan newspapers on both sides, need alarm no one. The Federal Treasury is not empty, no deficit exists, and the Government has nearly $25,000,000 on deposit in various national banks. The four-and-a-half per cent. bonds which fall due next September can be paid or not at the Government's option. The bond-holders will be only too glad to have them continued, even at a lower rate of interest. The nation is not bankrupt. Expenses have increased, as the expenses of every growing family must naturally increase. Every dollar that goes out of the public treasury helps every one, because it adds just so much to the circulating medium.

IT is doubtful if a more eloquent and fitting eulogy was ever uttered at the grave of any American than that of General Horace Porter on his old comrade and commander, at the impressive ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone of the Grant Monument. General Porter was the orator of the occasion, and his tribute to General Grant was a tribute of love and admiration such as only a devoted friend could pay. Eloquent, discriminating, judicious, and sincere, it must ever stand as one of the highest types of eulogistic and oratorical effort. It is significant that at the annual banquet in this city, at the celebration of General Grant's birthday, on the 27th of April, two of the most eloquent tributes to the memory of the great Union general were paid by ex-Confederates—General Kyd Douglass, of Baltimore, and Captain John S. Wise, of Virginia. Both spoke with great vigor, and vied with Senator Evarts and Mr. Choate in honoring the heroism, the courage, and magnanimity not only of General Grant, but also of Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and other distinguished Union leaders. The Grant banquet has come to be one of the notable patriotic events of each recurring year, and General C. H. T. Collis and his associates, who originated the idea, may well feel proud of the success that has attended their efforts.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.

OUR Third Photographic Contest, confined to amateurs, is attracting more notice than any of the former ones. Owing to the confusion which has been brought about in former contests through the endeavor to return pictures to those who sent them, we wish to state that pictures sent in by contestants will not be returned. It is again necessary to remind those who desire to compete that blue prints cannot be considered in the award of prizes, as suitable reproductions cannot be made from them. The last contributors to the contest are as follows: Miss Kate Matthews, Pewee Valley, Ky.; Frank C. Voorhies, Woodbury, N. J.; Walter B. Townsend, Kirkwood, Mo.; J. Manning, New York City; Bert L. Kittel, Corning, N. Y.; Edgar Brolaske, St. Louis, Mo.; T. Bourke, Fort Sill, Ind. Ter.; John Delclisur, Cox, Va.; J. H. Maylor, Oak Harbor, Wash.; A. B. Wilse, Seattle, Wash.; E. S. Bronson, Defiance, Ohio; Francis E. DuBois, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. H. Chalker, Mobile, Ala.; G. W. Conable, Courtland, N. Y.; J. C. Thompson, Bay City, Mich.; Miss Maude W. Mallory, Bridgeport, Conn.; C. E. Reynolds, New York City; W. R. Fields, Brooklyn, N. Y.; J. Wilkins, Suncook, N. H.; Samuel Prager, Frankfort, Ind.; Lester A. Greene, Little Falls, N. Y.; E. L. Steel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lewis Thompson, New York City.

SOUTHERN BELLES AND BEAUTIES—XII. MISS HELEN WHITAKER FOWLE, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE GRANT MONUMENT.

THE formal initiation of the work of erecting the Grant Monument in Riverside Park, New York, which occurred on April 27th, the sixty-ninth birthday of the illustrious soldier, was an event of more than ordinary interest, and was attended by ceremonies at once simple and imposing. Some fifteen thousand persons were present. The ceremonies were conducted by the Grand Army of the Republic, and among those present were many who had followed Grant when he led the armies of the Union to victory. The old cruiser *Yantic* represented the navy, and, carrying Admiral Braine and other naval officers, anchored in the North River opposite the site of the monument and fired salutes at appropriate intervals. A detachment of United States troops aided the Grand Army posts in the exercises. Among the organized participants were about three hundred children, who each carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots, which was dropped on the tomb, the drum and fife corps that led them playing "America."

The exercises took place just south of the tomb, where the regular-army contingent formed a hollow square within which the act of turning the sod formally took place, the spot being designated by a wheelbarrow covered with choice flowers. Resting alongside the wheelbarrow was a spade of rosewood and solid silver, presented for the occasion. Circling around the rosewood handle of this exquisite agricultural implement was a snake-like band of silver, on which was engraved an epitome of General Grant's life.

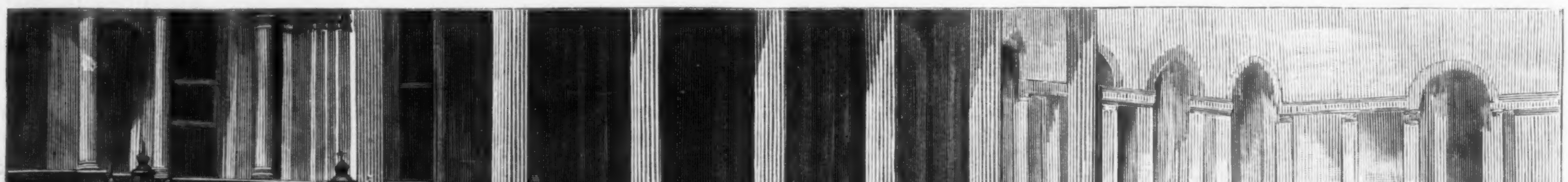
The literary exercises consisted of an oration by General Horace Porter and an address by Department Commander Charles H. Freeman, after which the guests and other occupants of the grand stand filed down into the hollow square, on the outside of which the Grand Army posts took positions. Then, at a signal, the guns aboard the *Yantic* boomed forth the first shot of a twenty-one-gun salute. At the same signal the band struck up "America" and the chorus and the people joined in the patriotic hymn. As General Freeman picked up the silver spade and drove its blade through the soft turf, every man, as by one impulse, took off his hat. Cutting and lifting out about a square foot of sod, the general placed it in the flower-covered wheelbarrow. Then, waiting until the last notes of "America" had ceased, he raised his hand and said: "Comrades of the Grand Army, the erection of a fitting monument to our great leader has been started. Let us see that it is completed without delay."

The flowers upon the wheelbarrow were claimed by the crowd as trophies, even the smallest sprays being carried off with eager satisfaction.

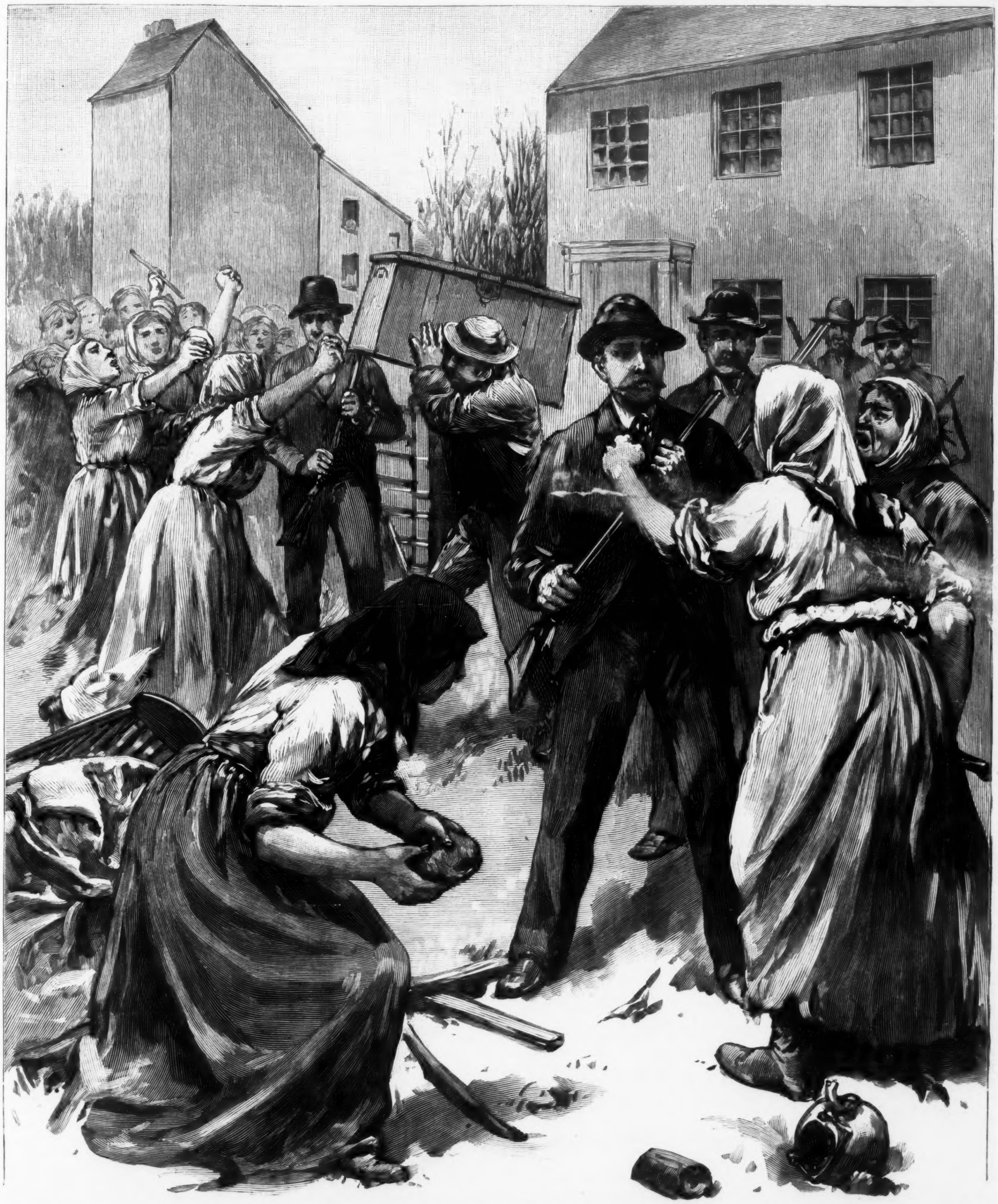
NEBRASKA.—HON. LORENZO CROUNSE,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—PHOTO BY BELL.
[SEE PAGE 241.]

MISS HELEN FOWLE.

MISS HELEN FOWLE, whose portrait appears on this page, is the daughter of the late lamented Governor, Daniel Fowle, of North Carolina, and was the graceful and popular mistress of the executive mansion at Raleigh up to the time of his decease. Entering into and sympathizing with his duties and tastes, she accompanied her distinguished father in all his jaunts abroad, and was part and parcel of his political and social triumphs. She ranks deservedly among the foremost beauties of the old North State. At the White Sulphur Springs last summer Miss Fowle was a recognized belle, and she is a favorite in every circle in which she appears.



THE RECENT VISIT OF THE VETERANS OF THE HISTORIC MASSACHUSETTS SIXTH REGIMENT TO BALTIMORE.—THE PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL.
PHOTO BY BACHRACH & BRO.—[SEE PAGE 241.]



A SHERIFF'S POSSE EVICTING STRIKERS FROM THE HOUSES OF THE OPERATING COMPANIES.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS FROM A SKETCH BY M. DE LIPMAN.

READY TO START FOR THE PITS.

THE TROUBLES IN THE PENNSYLVANIA COKE REGION.—[SEE PAGE 240.]

SPRING.

APRIL has come, with her promise of flowers,
Come with the budding of bare, leafless trees,
Come with the sunlight and swift-passing showers,
Whispers of summer to be in the breeze.
Shine out to meet her, earth stars that have hidden
Under the ground through the desolate days;
Haste to the feast to which all things are bidden
To welcome the spring-time, and yield her our praise.

How shall we render her thanks for her coming?
Long reigned the winter, and cruel his sway,
While in far happier lands she was roaming,
She who has come back to rule us to-day.
How shall we show her our true adoration?
Though earth and heaven together should sing,
Yet not sufficiently great the ovation
Which we would give her, our well-belovéd Spring.

Snow-drop and crocus have blossomed before her,
Messengers they of her glory to be;
Blue skies stretch radiant their canopies o'er her,
Swallow and cuckoo return o'er the sea.
So, with all reverence come forth to meet her,
Nature uniting in one joyous voice;
Mountains and valleys re-echo to greet her,
Spring is come back to us—All things, rejoice!

C. GRANT DUFF (*in London Spectator*).

OLD ANDY.

By LYNN R. MEEKINS.

I.

THE mail had been distributed fully one hour, but the usual crowd lingered in the room. Galestown, with its eight hundred inhabitants, had not risen to the dignity of a government post-office building. Its postal department was simply a four years' feature in one end of a general store. But it suited the citizens, for the accommodations were adequate, the chairs were comfortable, and there was enough light in the part not occupied by the official service to allow the men of much leisure and small wealth to read the newspapers that they were so fond of borrowing. On this occasion they had gone through the news of the day, and had begun to spin it out in elaborate debate. Just as the judge—who was judge only by courtesy of his fellows—was about to launch forth, the postmaster spoke up:

"Gentlemen," said he, "do any of you know a man around here by the name of Andrew J. Jobson?"

The judge and the associate judges forsook their statesmanship and caucused upon the identity of Andrew J. Jobson.

For once in their lives they reached a unanimous conclusion. They did not know the man.

"There is a letter for him marked 'Important,'" said the postmaster.

Not knowing who Andrew J. Jobson was, they proceeded with great earnestness to discuss who he might be; but they had about abandoned the problem when a colored man dismounted from a mule in front of the office and marched into the room. He was a striking figure, firm and solid looking. Age was evidently coming upon him, but his form was erect, his voice steady, and his eye clear. His face was a picture of unconcern. He walked into the room and received the general greeting of the crowd as he marched to the postal window and asked for the mail of the Aldred family.

"Andy," said the postmaster, after he had given the papers and letters to him, "you know everybody in the county, do you not?"

"Purty much."

"Do you know a man named Andrew J. Jobson?"

"Yas, sah! Guess I does. Mighty fine man; one ob de fines' in de county."

"What's his business?"

"Jes' now, sah, he am supportin' de guver'mint en' ketchin' 'possums. Guess you hain't got er twenty-dollar bill fer him, hev you?"

"No; but I've a letter. Does he live out your way?"

"He do fer a fac'. Libs at my house. Mighty fine man, too. Better gib me de letter."

"Will you see that he gets it?"

"Look here, sah," he replied, with vigorous dignity; "ef you doan't know dat Andrew Jackson Jobson's me hit's 'bout time you got 'quainted wid yer customers, sah!"

The crowd laughed heartily.

"I do declare!" said the postmaster. "I never thought you had any name except Andy."

"Hit's er mighty good name, sah, en'—I wonder wha's in dis heah letter?"

Andy looked steadily at the envelope.

"Guess my rich city folks sendin' me ernother hundred-dollar bill," he said, as if talking to himself. "Wish dey'd keep dey're money."

The judges made sarcastic comments, but Andy's dignity was immovable. He retired to the far end of the room, slowly opened the letter, straightened it out, and ran his eyes line by line through its pages. Then, replacing it in the envelope, he returned to the counter.

"Mighty fine document, sah; en' I'se muchly 'bleeged to you. Ef eny more comes please let me hev 'em right erway. En' please also recommember, sah, dat Andrew Jackson Jobson's me, sah."

With a bow to everybody Mr. Andrew Jackson Jobson marched proudly out of the store and unhitched his mule. He took the nearest road into the country. It being Saturday afternoon, he met many people on their way to town, and to each of them, whether friend or stranger, he bowed in cordial greeting. It took him a full hour and a half to travel the distance of six miles that stretched between the town and his destination. He reached the big gate at last and jogged slowly up the long lane. It was a clear, beautiful autumn day, and the ladies were on the porch awaiting his arrival. There was the same eager expectancy for the fortunes of the mail-bag as prevails on all farms. Fresh voices greeted the old man and demanded if he had anything for them. One of the three young ladies delved quickly into the depths of the bag and fished out its contents. A tall, dark-haired, strong-limbed young man stood quietly by the post of the porch.

"As usual, Henry, you get the lion's share—a full half-dozen. Here, Lucy, are two for you, and three for Helen, and not a single one for me. Andy, this isn't fair."

The old man let the others get interested in their letters, and then remarked to the young lady:

"Miss Mary, I wants to see you er minute."

They retired to the room, and Andy hauled forth a bundle and a large letter.

"He tole me to giv' 'em to you."

Miss Mary's face brightened.

Andy came forth on the porch again and waited until Mr. Henry Aldred had finished his mail.

"Well, Andy, what can I do for you?" asked the young man.

"Please to read dis heah letter en' tell me wha' hit's erbout."

Mr. Aldred read it carefully.

"Why, Mr. Robson and two of his friends are coming over next week for a day or two of rail-shooting, and we want you to take us down the river. They will reach town on Monday on the early train. I remember telling them of you when I was in the city a month ago, and told them to write to you direct, so that it would be all right if I didn't happen to be at home."

"Dat all?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Henry, you won't say nuthin' 'bout dis, will you?"

"Certainly not, if you wish. But why?"

"Nuthin' much, 'ceptin' dat de smarties down to de sto' tried to kerflummix de ole man, en' I got off in er corner en' read it jes' ez if I knowed what de scratches meant, en' said sumfin 'bout my rich city folks sendin' me ernother hundred-dollar bill."

Mr. Aldred laughed immoderately.

"And are your city folks so liberal?" he asked.

"Cose not. Cose not. Hain't got no city folks; but I warn't gwine to let 'em git erhead o' de ole man."

II.

THE statesmen of the post-office had a sensation—a real sensation. It overshadowed everything else. Even the tariff and base-ball were forgotten. There had been a robbery. A robbery in an honest section like Galestown district was an event.

"As far as I can learn," said the judge, in a confidential tone to his associates, "young Henry Aldred and the fellows who came down shooting last week ended up with drinking, and somehow Robson's pocket-book was lost. It had in it five hundred dollars, including two new hundred-dollar bills. Henry, you know, can't touch liquor without getting on a spree. He went to the city, and two nights ago he was brought back so sick that they had to put him to bed and call a doctor."

"Of course he didn't take the money?" put in the postmaster.

"Of course not. He's fast, but he's honest. Pity, though, that the only boy in such a nice family should be so careless. I guess he's gone through most of the estate."

"I heard that some of his sprees cost a thousand dollars. It wouldn't be so bad if he'd let cards alone," said another.

"The mystery is, who got the money?" continued the judge. "That's what they're trying to find out, and as two of the notes were new, I guess they've got a pretty good clew. Anyhow, I hear that the sheriff is keeping his eyes open, and Robson is mighty anxious, because the money wasn't his."

While the statesmen talked an old colored man was urging a mule along the road that led to Galestown. When he reached the outskirts he dismounted, tied the animal to a post, and sauntered calmly up the street. He went at once to the post-office. The statesmen were still discussing the robbery when he entered. Andy greeted them with his usual civility and walked with dignified slowness to the postal window.

"Got eny letters fur Andrew Jackson Jobson, Exquire?" he asked.

"No, Andy; none this time," replied the postmaster.

"Sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Mighty strange. 'Spected ernuther hundred-dollar bill from my city folks. Couldn't change me er hundred dollars, could you, sah?"

The judge and his coterie were within hearing, and they greeted the question with laughter, and then with suspicious silence. Andy looked at them in an injured sort of way, and turned to hear the smiling postmaster say:

"I think I can change all the hundred-dollar bills you've got."

"Don't want but one changed, sah. Jes' bust dat up, ef you please, sah!" and Andy pulled out a crisp note and extended it toward the astonished postmaster.

"Really, Andy, I'm just out of change, but if you will wait——"

"Thank you, sah. Hain't got no time to wait. Gwine down to de segyar sto'."

The statesmen tried to delay the old man with questions in order to satisfy their curiosity, but Andy marched to the door without replying. A minute after he was gone messengers were on their way to the sheriff.

When Andy entered the cigar store he said:

"How-dy, sah? I wish some segyars."

"All right, Andy—three for five or two for five?"

"No, sah; some ob yer bestes' segyars."

"Are they for yourself?"

"Cose dey is. Think I'm buyin' 'm for de Presidint of de United States?"

"Well, here are some fine ones for ten cents each."

"Gimme erbout er dozen."

The dealer looked at him in surprise.

"Got eny good chawin' terbaccy?" the old man added.

"Yes."

"Gimme er dollar's worf."

The dealer tied both packages together, eying Andy suspiciously as he did so.

"Andy, you must have struck a lottery prize," he remarked.

"May be I has. Take hit out o' dat, ef you please, sah."

He handed him one of the new hundred-dollar notes in a matter-of-fact way and fixed his eyes on one of the lithographs with which tobacco firms risk all hope of heaven by systematically trying to corrupt the earth. The dealer looked at the note in amazement. It was a stranger in the retail trade of that town, and old Andy was the last person in the world from whom he would expect to receive it. Andy gave the amazement time to grow by making a remark.

"Mighty fin'-lookin' lady," he said; and then, after a pause, he added, "'Pears to me she'd ketch cold."

The dealer ignored the picture.

"Andy," he asked, "do you know what this is?"

"Suttinly. Hit's er hundred-dollar bill."

"Well, I can't change it."

"People mus' be mighty poor 'round heah. Had same trouble in de post-office. Guess you'll hab to keep de bundles 'tell I go sommers en' git it busted."

The old man went direct to the big clothing store of the town and asked for a new outfit. It was finally got together and he took the different garments and retired to the dressing-room to try them on. When he reappeared he faced the sheriff. He knew him well and greeted him cheerily.

"How-dy Mistah Sheriff. How-dy do, sah; en' how's yer big hotel comin' erlong?"

"Oh, we have plenty of accommodations for more guests. Do you want a room?"

"No, sah. No, sah. I'se plenty well satisfied ez I is. How does de ole man look in de fine close?"

"Like a four-year-old," replied the sheriff. "It must cost money to dress that way."

"Cose hit do. By the way, sah," speaking to the clerk, "kin you change me er hundred-dollar bill? Ben all ober de town en' hain't got hit yit. Mus' be hard times eround heah."

The clerk said he could change it, and Andy went to his old coat and drew the wallet from the inner pocket. When he handed the note to the clerk the sheriff said: "Andy, you are my prisoner. Put on your old clothes."

Revell Fossett, the lawyer, entered the post-office a few minutes after Andy left it. The crowd was excitedly discussing the hundred-dollar note. He heard the particulars of the visit and listened to the suspicions that were advanced. He contested that Andy never stole the money—that he was as honest as the day is long. The discussion kept him a full half-hour. He walked up the street and just as he was going into his office a friend told him of Andy's arrest. He drew back the key from the lock and went straightway to the jail.

"Well, Andy," said he, "I never expected this."

"Nor me nuther."

"What does it mean?"

"How do I know? When dey grabs er man en' sticks him in jail how's he gwine to tell what hit means?"

"Andy, I've come to be your counsel in this case. You've done me many favors, and I'm going to show you that I appreciate them. Now tell me everything, so that I can advise you, and prepare myself to defend you."

"Hain't got nuthin' to say."

"But Andy, you must say something. Remember that you are talking to me only, and that no one but we two will know it."

Andy thought a while and then, with a merry twinkle in his eye, asked:

"Mr. Fossett, you recommember do ole colonel, doan't you?"

"Well, I should say I did."

"Guess you does. But you ortn't to hab no hard feelin' agin him. I allers thought he kinder liked you, but him and yer pop was mortal bad enemies en' he wouldn't let you come to see Miss Mary 'cause you was yer father's son. We got eround de ole colonel, though, didn't we?"

"Yes, Andy. Thanks to your goodness the letters and packages were carried safely. I will tell you, but you must not repeat it, that Miss Mary and I will be married some time soon."

"Glad to hear hit. Hope I'll be out to see de weddin'."

"But what about the colonel?"

"Well, sah, de colonel had his faults, but he were a mighty fine man—a mighty fine man—en' he used to say to me, ez we drove home from cote—used to be in cote a good deal, you know—sez he, 'Andy, ef you eber gits into trouble doan't you say nuthin' to nobody. Jes' keep yer mouth shet en' you'll get through all right.' En' one day ole Judge Perkins—you recommember him—were a ridin' home wid us en' he were a speakin' ob a case, en' he said ef de dam fool hed kep' his mouf shet he'd er got off. En' what's mo', dar's Bill Simpson. Bill allers goes to jail. 'Cause why? 'Cause he tries to 'splain too much to de cote. Da's why I ain't sayin' nuthin'."

The magistrate's office could not begin to accommodate the crowd that gathered at nine o'clock the next morning. Every nook was filled and the windows were frames for peering humanity. Ten minutes after the hour the sheriff arrived with his prisoner. There was no appreciable change in Andy's appearance. He had passed a good night on a good bed and had done full justice to the extra breakfast which the sheriff was kind enough to offer him. "Yer hotel's fust rate," was his comment.

When they entered the office Andy bowed politely to everybody but said nothing. Fossett was there to defend him. The hearing opened. The circumstances of the arrest, the possession of the money, and other details in connection with the case were all proven. When Andy was called he refused to say anything. The decision of the magistrate was prompt. He held the prisoner in $1,000 bail for the action of the court.

III.

TWO weeks later the statesmen at the post-office were still discussing.

"Henry Aldred's death was mighty unfortunate," said the judge. "It's a great pity to see such a bright young man die

before he had time to settle down and make something of himself—a great pity."

"Yes," said one of the associate judges, "it's particularly sad in this case, because a week before he died his rich aunt down the State died and left him fifty thousand dollars."

"I heard," resumed the judge, "that he raved like a crazy man just before the end came."

"Of course you heard that old Andy's case has been settled. He's out on bail and Robson has been paid in full, and from what I can learn Andy won't be prosecuted when the case comes up. The Aldreds always were mighty fond of Andy. I reckon they fixed it."

"It ought to be a lesson to Andy," said the judge. "But after all, niggers will steal. They can't help it; it's born in them."

As the statesmen talked Andy was again coming to town on the same patient mule. He did not go to the post-office at once, but sought the office of Mr. Fossett, who told him to walk into the private room.

"Mistah Fossett, Mistah Henry gib dis to me 'fore he died, en' says I mus' come to you en' git you to tell me erbout hit."

Fossett took the envelope and broke the seal. He laid the larger package on his desk and began to read a letter. Andy watched the movements of his changing expression. The lawyer's face interpreted every line that his eyes read. He finished, but he did not speak. He glanced over the letter a second time, and then looked steadily at Andy. The old man began to grow uneasy.

"Andy, do you know what this means?"

"No, sah! Enything bad?"

"It is a confession of Mr. Henry Aldred. He says he took that money while under the influence of liquor, without knowing what he was doing; that he spent the most of it while he was on a spree in the city; that he confessed it all to you, and that you, without his knowledge, got the pocket-book with the two new hundred-dollar notes and took the blame of it all in order to save the family from disgrace. And this letter says that you must be set right before the people."

Andy squirmed on the chair, utterly at a loss to find words to express his feelings.

"He directs me," continued Fossett, "to attend to it. And furthermore, he leaves to you this package of fifty one-hundred-dollar notes—five thousand dollars in all."

"W–h–a–'s d–a–t?" asked the astonished darkey.

"Five thousand dollars."

"You hain't er makin' fun o' de ole man?" he asked, incredulously.

"Certainly not. Here is the money." He unwrapped the package and showed the notes. "And here is the letter."

Andy was in great doubt. He looked at the carpet, at the ceiling, out of the window, and finally at the money. Gradually his composure returned.

"All I got to say is dat Mistah Henry was outen his hade. All feberish people gits dat way, en' Mistah Henry was mighty feberish."

Fossett smiled. "Andy, that won't do. The statement is plain."

"Lemme see hit."

Andy arose and took the paper the lawyer held out to him.

"Mistah Fossett, ef dis heah was to git out hit 'ud be mighty bad, wouldn't hit?"

"Yes, it undoubtedly would. Mr. Henry's sisters would feel it deeply."

"You en' Miss Mary's gwine to git married, I reckon? Dis wouldn't stop it?"

"Not on my part; but of course she would take it hard and so would her mother."

Andy seemed to grow reminiscent. "Mistah Fossett," he said, "dey is de bestes' ladies in de whole worl'. Who 'tended to de ole man 'bout five years ergo when he was down wid feber, when de niggars en' de res' stayed 'way en' said he'd lived long 'nuff enyhow. Who come rainy days en' sunshiny days en' brought vittles en' med'cines en' nussed de ole man—who was hit but Missus Ellen en' Miss Mary?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, not knowing what else to say.

"Guess you'll take keer ob de money fer de ole man?"

"Yes."

"Wish you'd look en' see ef dar's any new bills."

Fossett looked over the money and found what he wanted. "Here," he said, "are two."

Andy took them and placed them in his pocket. He held firm hold of the sheet of foolscap, and moved uneasily. "Leetle coldish out-doors," he remarked, as he advanced a step or two to the window and gazed out. "Wouldn't wonder ef we had frost to-night," he added, as he left the window and took a position before the fire-place. "Mighty nice fire you got." He glanced quickly at the lawyer, saw his eyes watching him, and with a sudden movement bent down and stuck the paper in the burning coals.

Mr. Fossett jumped from his chair. "Andy," he shouted, "what do you mean?"

"Nuthin'. Allers likes to see paper burnin'. Makes sech er bright light."

He stood there watching it with a half smile on his face. The lawyer had come forward but was too late; the eager flames were making a rapid meal of the document. Fossett gazed at it with the old man. Then, when the flames had finished their work, he drew a long breath.

"Andy," he said at last, "you are a noble old fellow. You know he took that money."

"Doan't know eny sech er thing, en' you doan't know hit, en' nobody doan't know hit; en' wha's mo', all the cotes 'twixt now en' kingdom-come cain't prove it."

When he reached the open air some of the old-time buoyancy returned. He felt younger and brighter than he had felt for weeks. He made his way down the street to the post-office and marched through the crowd to the familiar postal window.

"Eny letters fer Andrew Jackson Jobson, Exquire?" he asked.

"Not any," replied the postmaster.

"Sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure."

"Mighty strange. 'Spected ernother hundred-dollar bill from my city folks. Couldn't change me er hundred dollars could you, sah? I'd be muchly 'bleeged."

A chorus of remarks followed the request, some insinuating, some impertinent, but the postmaster couldn't change the bill, and Andy, disregarding the comments of the judges and the associate judges, marched composedly out of the room and trotted down the street to the cigar store. He bought a stock of ten-cent cigars and the best chewing tobacco, and when the honesty of the hundred-dollar bill was questioned he disdainfully referred the dealer to Mr. Revell Fossett.

Mr. Fossett said it was all right, and after Andy had got his tobacco he went to the clothing store and invested in the finest suit he had ever worn. It cost him fifteen dollars.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

ONE of the advantages of fashion as it stands this spring is that there is no great revolution in any of its departments, while there are many changes which may be easily compassed. Skirts are more bell-like than ever, and the plain, untrimmed skirt is now confined entirely to heavy materials, such as cloth, camel's-hair, coteline, and Bedford cord. We are assured by foreign *modistes* that they have no intention of changing skirts to puffs at the back, but have merely added more gathers in close fullness.

Mantles and jackets are matters of the moment, and there is a charming variety of them. There are tight-fitting coats with seams round the hips, and with full skirts and square pockets. There are loose-fronted jackets, fitting admirably, with a marvelous scarcity of seams. There are opera cloaks which are dreams of delight, and the popular cape is on view in every conceivable form and fabric. Braiding in the most elaborate designs vies with the daintiest of embroidery and passementerie, while jet and jewels appear in great profusion, and altogether it is noticeable that the trimming makes the mantle.

PROMENADE COSTUME.

A graceful wrap of pearl-gray cheviot, showing a pin-stripe of blue, is illustrated. The trimming is of velvet in a marine-blue tint, which lines the collar and borders the cape. The belt is of deep yellow leather, and the vest is cream-colored grass linen, which is one of the latest of fashion's frills. The hat of yellow-brown straw is ornamented with marine-blue velvet and golden buttercups. The shape is novel, and called the "butterfly." It is imported, and there are others made of horse-hair or "Neapolitan," devoid of lining or ribbon, and simply ornamented with a garland of flowers, such as snow-balls, pansies, or blush roses.

The most pleasing tendency of fashion just now is toward lace garnitures, and these are certain to be the choicest for the entire season, and to include the richest and the simplest, and innumerable fancy kinds, decorated with colors or with metal effects. What is known as French lace in black, in imitation of English thread, is the most popular of the cheaper laces for trimming street gowns, while a new lace in white, to be used on ginghams and the lighter summer fabrics, is called Point de Paris, is all linen and of graceful patterns and varying widths. Passementeries of the newest designs have a lace-like appearance, and many are mixtures of embroidery simulations, with either jewels or gold thread for heightening the effect. Detached patterns, to be sparely employed, are in the form of bow knots, with or without pendants. Sometimes they are made entirely of fine jets, or again have gold interspersed. These are used to catch up lace draperies on both skirt and bodice.

Among the novelties in the cheaper grade of cotton fabrics is the Shantong pongee cloth, which is sold at fifteen cents a yard. The groundings are both light and dark, and over all are scattered pretty flower-sprays and vines. These will be made up in house or tea-gowns, while the darker colorings will be adopted for street wear, and will be found far preferable to sateens.

Satin materials have been sparely used of late, but are always much admired for special uses, and just now are revived to wear under draperies of net or lace. A large line of duchesse or "satin sublime" is on sale at the astonishing price of fifty cents a yard. It is twenty-two inches wide, and is shown in forty different shades and of excellent quality. A dull Burgundy red or dark moss-green satin in a plain princesse robe, with over-draperies of figured net, is most effective and stylish.

In furnishing a summer cottage, the lightest and coolest materials and decorations are brought to bear. In selecting curtain draperies and portières, those which will modify the light without excluding the air are desirable, and these requirements are found in the soft silk-striped curtains, some of which are brocaded, and cost from three to twelve dollars a pair. Then there are the jute rugs of Japanese make and soft colorings, from $1.74 up, and as for Oriental rugs, there is a large line of these at prices which will hereafter be required for tariff alone to import them. We are indebted for information to Le Boutillier Bros., Fourteenth Street.

Ella Starr

LIFE INSURANCE.—FACTS AND FIGURES.

"W. R. H." writes a long letter to "The Hermit" from Omaha, Neb., in reference to the answer made by the Equitable Life in a suit brought charging its officers with misappropriation of the company's assets. The answer of the company was to the effect that the fund produced by the payment of all the premiums belonged to the company, and that the policy-holders were interested in it only in the same way that the creditors of any other corporation are interested in its funds. My correspondent says he finds that a number of persons have obtained insurance in the great companies without paying the first year's premium. He wants to know if this premium comes out of the surplus that tontine policy-holders, like himself, ought to get. He says he is not promised as much on his tontine policy now as he was, proportionately, four years ago.

The letter is too long to print. The subject it treats of is one to which justice could be done only in an article longer than my entire column. It would be too long, technical, and dull to be of interest. The charge to which my correspondent refers is evidently a reprint of an old and obsolete accusation, very cleverly framed to mislead the public. From all I can gather, after taking time to make careful inquiry, the action of the Equitable in the case referred to was precisely that which would have been taken by any so-called purely mutual companies. A disaffected policy-holder tried to get an advantage of the company and the body of its policy-holders, by making a technical claim that the managers were in a technical, legal sense trustees, and that, without regard to the interests of the company as a whole or to the policy-holders at large, he had a right to make all sorts of extravagant demands.

Similar demands which have been made on the purely mutual companies have been met just as the Equitable met this demand, namely, by showing that in a technical, legal sense a mutual life company is not a trustee; but such a defense does not relieve the company of the responsibility to its policy-holders, or indicate in any way that the company is not bound to give each policy-holder his full share of profits in accordance with his contract and the organization of the company.

I might add, for the information of my correspondent, that the Equitable was organized on a purely mutual plan, and the only reason it has a capital of $100,000 is because it was organized after the law of this State had been amended making it necessary for every company, mutual or otherwise, to start with at least $100,000 capital for the protection of its policy-holders.

A correspondent, whose address I have lost, submits a blank of the Prudential Insurance Company of Newark, filled out at the age of thirty, on the twenty-payment life plan. He asks me how it compares with the same sort of insurance offered by the Equitable. I am able to give the actual results of the Equitable plan this year, compared with estimates furnished my correspondent by the Prudential. This comparison is for a twenty-annual-payment life policy, issued at the age of thirty, for the tontine or investment period of twenty years, and for $1,000. According to the figures the showing is as follows:

	EQUITABLE.	PRUDENTIAL.
Annual premium	$30.36	$30.12
Total premiums paid in 20 years	607.20	602.40
Total cash value at end of 20 years	909.00	746.00
Equivalent value in paid-up policy	1,940.00	1,544.00

These figures speak for themselves.

A correspondent at Cheyenne, Wyo., asks my opinion about the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee. He inquires: "Is it as good as the Mutual Life of New York? Can a person expect at the end of twenty years to have as good a choice as is represented in the inclosed options?" (My correspondent incloses a blank option.)

The same correspondent asks about the North American Accident Association of Chicago. He says he doubts the reliability of the concern, because it offers insurance so cheaply. He has a policy in the Travelers, but because it is expensive wants to transfer to the United States Mutual Accident Association.

The Northwestern of Milwaukee and the Mutual Life of New York both do business on the mutual plan. Both are good companies. The Mutual Life is the oldest and has the preference in every way. It began business in 1843, and is one of the oldest, safest, and soundest insurance companies in the business. No question of its present or permanent solvency can be raised against either of the companies mentioned.

The Mutual Life is nearly three times as large as the Northwestern, and nearly all its business in force, income, and accumulations have been acquired since 1858, when the Northwestern commenced business. The Mutual Life in 1890 did $161,365,921 of new business, or nearly $100,000,000 more than the Northwestern. The Northwestern formerly had a great advantage in the high rate of interest realized on Western investments. But under the operations of the laws of trade and the rapid increase in commercial facilities of the present day, interest rates in the East and West have been very nearly equalized. The result is that the rates of interest now obtained by the Northwestern are about three per cent. less than were realized in 1878, and are now less than half of one per cent. above those obtained by the best Eastern life companies, like the New York Life, Equitable, Mutual, or Home Life. This fact shows that the Northwestern has lost its former great advantage and dividend-earning power.

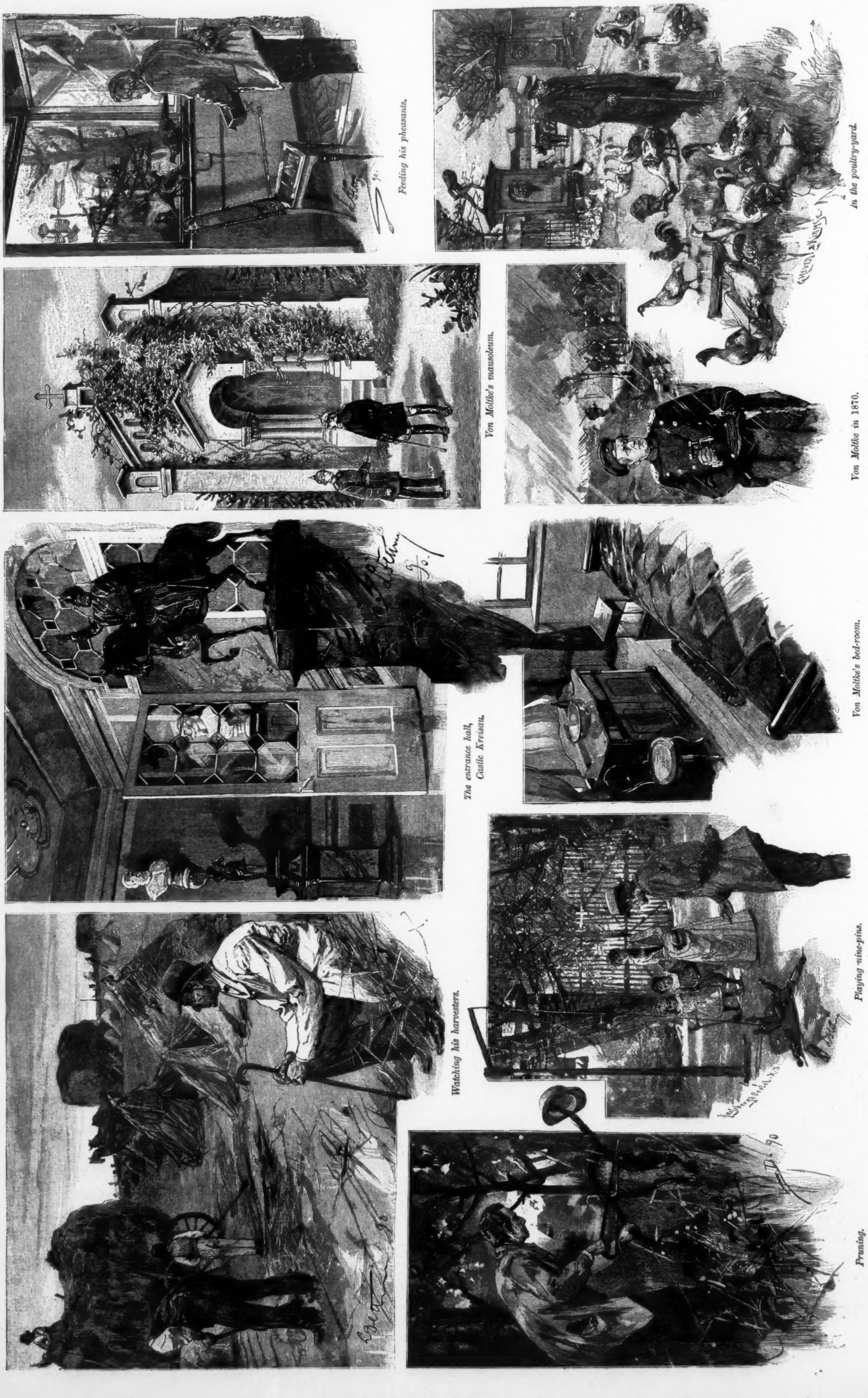
As to the question regarding the option submitted to me by my Cheyenne correspondent, I must answer it in the negative: First, because the estimates of the Northwestern are five per cent. higher than the best put out by any other company. Secondly, because the estimate-book of the Northwestern's soliciting agents was compiled about ten years ago, by three Eastern agents of the company, as a personal venture, and has been persistently disowned by the company. It has repeatedly given official disapproval of these estimates. Thirdly, the decrease of its interest rates, the increase of its outgo for expenses, and the decrease of surplus profits from lapsed insurance seem to me to make it impossible for the Northwestern to return a profit of $706.40 on a $1,000 twenty-payment life policy at the end of a twenty-year distribution period, as the option inclosed to me proposes to do. In 1890, the Mutual Life paid dividends amounting to $2,763,000 against $989,000 by the Northwestern. The rate of renewal premiums was 15.9 per cent. in the Mutual and 14.7 per cent. in the Northwestern.

In reference to the accident insurance of my correspondent, if he is in the Travelers he is in a good company. He would also be in a good company if he were in the United States Mutual Accident Association, but I would not advise him to go into the North American Accident Association of Chicago simply because it is "cheap." I have a dread of cheap things in the life insurance line.

From Cedar Rapids, Iowa, "A Reader in FRANK LESLIE'S" writes to know the relative standing of the Mutual Life of New York and the Northwestern of Milwaukee, and as to which issues the best policy. I think my reply to the Cheyenne correspondent, written above, is sufficient answer to my Cedar Rapids reader.

I observe that my garrulous and grewsome friend, the *Spectator*, says that I write my articles "for revenue only." I presume the *Spectator* is printed as a matter of love—perhaps of charity. That is not its reputation. People who live in glass houses should keep their missiles in their pockets. The *Spectator* man writes as if he carried a brick in his hat.

The Hermit.



Feeding his pheasants.

In the poultry-yard.

Von Moltke's mausoleum.

Von Moltke in 1870.

The entrance hall, Castle Kreisau.

Von Moltke's bed-room.

Watching his harvesters.

Playing nine-pins.

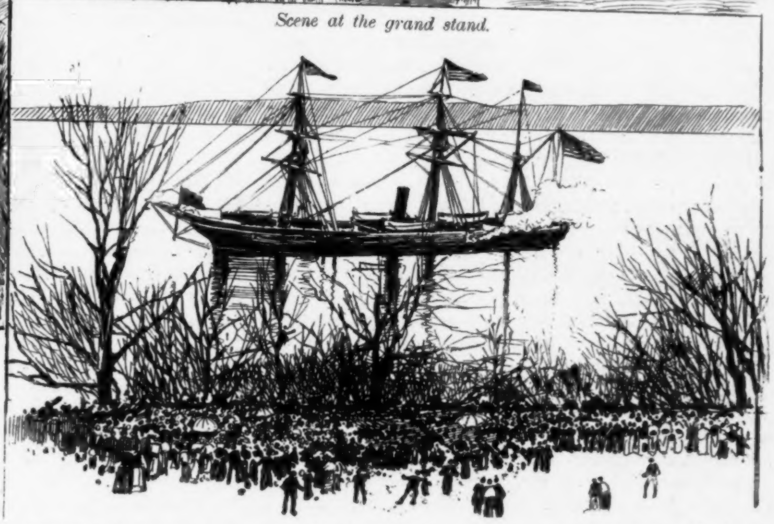
Pruning.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF THE LATE GERMAN FIELD-MARSHAL, COUNT HELMUTH VON MOLTKE.—[SEE PAGE 240.]

The spade and the flower-covered wheelbarrow.

Scene at the grand stand.

Distributing the flowers.



The United States steamer "Yantic," from which a twenty-one-gun salute was fired.

Preparing to turn the first sod.

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT IN RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK.

FROM PHOTOS BY A SPECIAL STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER OF "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER." —[SEE PAGE 234.]

A VISIT TO THE EDISON LABORATORY.

SO much interest attaches to the personality of the famous electrician, Thomas A. Edison, whose inventive genius has excited the admiration of the world, the following article, descriptive of his wonderful workshop, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers.

The Edison Laboratory, which is picturesquely situated at West Orange, New Jersey, consists of five brick buildings. The main building is a plain structure, 250 feet long by about 60 feet wide, and is three stories high. The four smaller buildings to the left, three of which are devoted to special departments of research, are one story in height, 100 feet long and 25 feet wide. The establishment covers a large tract of land, is surrounded by a high picket fence, and in its completeness and size looks more like some great public institution than the private workshop of an individual.

On entering the neat little gate-house preliminary to gaining access to the laboratory, the first thing which attracts the visitor's attention is a notice in large type to the effect that "Mr. Edison is, in justice to his work, compelled to deny absolutely all personal interviews," and that "no permits can be issued to visitors to enter these premises." Very few exceptions are made to this last rule, and an amusing story is told of how it was applied to Edison himself by a new incumbent of the gate-house, who, being unacquainted with the inventor's appearance, refused him admittance to his own premises, and persisted in his refusal until Edison was identified by another of his employés.

The Library.—On reaching the main building visitors are ushered into the library, a magnificent apartment, literally flooded with light, the windows of which rise from the floor until they almost reach the ceiling, forty feet above. This room is about 100 feet square, and is luxuriously furnished. Around the walls are book-cases of polished wood, in which are resting ponderous tomes containing all the scientific lore of past and present ages. These cases are arranged so as to form convenient alcoves, which latter are repeated on the two galleries encircling three sides of the apartment. In this chamber is Mr. Edison's desk, and beside it one of his latest water-motor phonographs. On the walls are hung pictures of celebrities, principally scientists, and on a pedestal at one end of the room is a large bust of Humboldt, while over the mantelpiece is a model of Mr. Edison's first electric motor. There is also an electric organ, which discourses sweet music, and distributed about the apartment are numerous substantial-looking easy-chairs, couches, etc. The chief ornament of this room, however, and the one which attracts the most attention, is the beautiful marble statue representing the "Genius of Light," by the Italian sculptor Bordiga, which Mr. Edison purchased at the Paris Exposition of 1889. We tarry here until the arrival of our "guide, philosopher, and friend," who is to conduct us on our tour of inspection through the premises.

The Store-room.—We commence with the store-room, the source from which are supplied the various materials which are required in connection with the experimentation constantly in progress at the laboratory. The stock is certainly a most heterogeneous one. It is supposed to contain a sample of every substance to be found in the habitable world, and indeed it would seem that every nook and corner of the earth had been ransacked, and the boundless deep explored in forming this marvelous and unique collection of things material. It is a dry goods, grocery, drug, iron-mongery, glass, chandlery, oil, paper, rubber, delf, leather, grain, hardware, stationery, chemical, and feather store all in one, and there is not an article known to civilized man, from a pin-cushion or a darning-needle to a boot-jack or a locomotive, the materials entering into the manufacture of which could not be furnished from this store-room. The animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms have each contributed their quota, and indeed it would be hard to name a substance, either organic or inorganic, which is not represented in this universal repository. It would require too much space to enumerate all the queer, odd, uncanny things to be found therein, but here are a few to which the storekeeper directed our attention: Sea-horse teeth, rhinoceros horn, Angora goat hair, human hair, Job's tears, walrus hide, albatross bones, sea-lion skin, whale's tail, and fish bladders. There are long rows of drawers filled with grains, gums, spices, ores, salts, chalks, resins, glue, chemicals, some of the latter worth about $300 an ounce; others contain the skins of animals, the bones and teeth of fish, and feathers of every bird; there are also dried grasses, mosses from Corsica, Iceland, and Ireland; resting on the shelves are sheets of brass, iron, tin, copper, and zinc; rolls of linen, flannel, cheese-cloth, silk, and gauze material; while on the floor are coils of rope, wire, piping, rolls of leather, paper, gutta-percha, oil-cloth, slabs of gray stone and slate, bundles of brass and iron tubing. I also noticed in separate corners such incongruous-looking objects as an ice-cream freezer, a coffee mill, and a meat chopper, to say nothing of pumps, pick-axes, wheelbarrows, and so on. In addition to these raw materials there are thousands of manufactured articles.

If those who would marvel at the completeness and varied character of the stock carried in this establishment were to inspect some of the laboratory note-books and see the endless experiments and analyzation of substances therein recorded, they would understand, to some extent, the necessity for its maintenance.

The same adequacy of equipment which characterizes the store-room is noticeable in the other departments of the laboratory.

The Machine Shop.—Leaving the store-room, we are next shown the lower machine shop, in which are made the heavy parts of machinery required in new models of dynamos, electric motors, ore-milling machines, and so on, improved patterns of which are constantly in process of formation, the last embodying some improvement which its predecessor lacked. Here, amid the din and clanking of the throbbing machinery and the hum of the leather belts as they are whirled around swiftly revolving wheels, we thread our way past massive drills, sharp-cutting lathes, and ponderous presses, stopping now and then to observe the operations of these powerful mechanical monsters as they perform their boring, cutting, and pressing functions. In different parts of the shop, which is very large, there are electric motors, through whose agency the electric current is transformed into mechanical energy. These motors are controlled from a switch-board standing in the centre of the room, from which the power can be directed to any particular point. There are two or three dozen swarthy mechanics, all busily engaged in hammering, filing, chipping, or polishing iron and steel, or in directing the movements of the mechanical apparatus before referred to.

The Precision-room.—Stepping into an elevator we ascend to the second floor, and are introduced to what is called the "precision-room." This we find to be a machine shop something like the one we have just left. We notice, however, that the machinery here is not so massive as that which we have seen down-stairs. The mechanical equipment includes planers, lathes, drills, etc., but they are of a light, delicate construction, and are evidently intended for very fine work. There is not the same clamoring and clattering as in the lower apartment, and even the whizzing hum of the whirling wheels is subdued. Our guide informs us that here are made those parts of new devices which have to be formed with mathematical accuracy and precision—the vibrating diaphragm used in connection with the phonograph, for instance, with its delicate needle of sapphire, so minute as to be almost imperceptible. That the workmen in this room are mechanics of the highest grade is evidenced when, later on, we are shown some of the products of their skill, which for perfection of workmanship could not be excelled.

Glass-blowing Room.—On the second floor is also situated the glass-blowing room, where the experimental lamps are made, and which is complete in all its details; and next door to it is the mercury pump-room, in which the little glass globes are exhausted of air after the insertion of the carbon filaments, whose incandescence gives the electric light. In addition to the two rooms named there are also several large, light, airy apartments, in some of which draughtsmen are at work, tracing on paper carefully designed plans of future inventions, prepared from Mr. Edison's rough sketches; and in others earnest, thoughtful-looking men can be seen pursuing their scientific researches with all possible patience and persistence, and with an ardor born only of enthusiasm. There is a large corps of experimentalists maintained at the laboratory, and to each of these Mr. Edison assigns a task; it may be the developing of a new idea, the testing of a theory, or the further perfecting of existing apparatus, but whatever the experiment it has some definite object, and is always in the line of improvement and progress. To the juniors is given the pleasing task of "bug hunting," which means, in laboratory parlance, the localization and elimination of defects from inventions as they progress toward completion.

The Lamp Test Room.—The lamp test room, one of the most interesting departments of the laboratory, is on the top floor. It presents a most brilliant appearance. Depending from the ceiling, and arranged in frames around the walls, are hundreds of brightly gleaming bulbs, glittering like sunbeams, and shedding forth rays of light, clear as crystal. These lamps are on a "life test" and are the objects of unceasing attention on the part of those in charge of them. A careful record is kept of how long the lamps burn and their behavior is under the closest scrutiny during every second of their existence, each one having its own biography, in which its history is given from hour to hour and from day to day, every eccentricity or peculiarity of conduct being carefully noted. In this way the average efficiency and economy of the lamps is arrived at, the qualities and conditions tending to longevity determined, and the knowledge thus acquired is applied in the manufacture of future lamps. All this close observation and strict surveillance has for its object the production of an ideal lamp—one that will burn forever.

Mr. Edison's Inventions.—Here, also, can be seen most of Mr. Edison's inventions, many of them in their various stages of evolution, thus enabling the visitor to trace such inventions from their inception to their completion. These are arranged in chronological order, in large glass cases, and form a most unique and interesting exhibit. There is a counterpart of the first phonograph, the original of which is in the museum at South Kensington, London, England, side by side with the perfected instrument, the one bearing no resemblance whatever to the other; and in another case are samples of the various types of lamps used in the incandescent system since its adoption, some with platinum filaments, others with iridium, and others again with paper. Here are sets of Edison's wonderful telegraphic instruments—the duplex, phonoplex, and quadruplex—stock-printers, telephone transmitters, microphones, etc., the collection indeed covering most of the inventor's creations in the department of telegraphy, telephony, electric light, and electric power. In a case all by itself is one of Edison's vocal engines, by the aid of which it has been said a man could "talk a hole through a board," and not far from it is a chemical vote-recorder, the invention, by the way, upon which Edison obtained his first patent, since which time he has taken out nearly six hundred patents, covering a great variety of subjects, the dissimilarity of which illustrates the extraordinary versatility of the man.

The Ore Milling Headquarters and the Lecture Hall.—Before taking our way down-stairs again we visit the ore milling headquarters, which is fully equipped with miniature crushers, furnaces, mortars, and all the other necessary appliances for the treatment of ores, after which we take a peep into the commodious lecture hall. In the latter, musical experiments in connection with the phonograph are in progress, and strains of sweet music reach our ears, inclining us to linger. We resist the temptation, however, and proceed to the dynamo room on the ground floor, prior to visiting the out-buildings previously referred to.

The Dynamo Room.—The dynamo room is equipped with seven Edison dynamos, of various capacities, and here is generated the current for lighting the hundreds of lamps in the laboratory and in Mr. Edison's magnificent residence in Llewellyn Park, as well as that required for experimental purposes, and which is on tap in every room in the establishment. Two Armington & Sims engines, one of one hundred and thirty-five and the other of eighty horse-power, drive the dynamos, and a Brown engine of sixty horse-power furnishes the motive power for the laboratory machinery. There are three Babcock & Wilcox boilers, aggregating two hundred and twenty-five horse-power, one of which is always kept in reserve. The atmosphere in this region is pervaded with magnetism, and before entering it we were prevailed upon to deliver up our watches, else they would have become magnetized.

The Galvanometer Room.—The out-buildings now remain to be explored. Of these the galvanometer room is the most important, and, from a scientific point of view, the most interesting department of the laboratory. Here is housed, perhaps, the most valuable collection of electrical instruments in the world. —Galvanometers, photometers, chronographs, magnetometers, electrometers, cathetometers, and spectrometers — instruments with sensibilities so exquisite that an iron button on one's coat or a nail in one's shoe is sufficient to upset and disarrange them. So susceptible are they of magnetic influence that the furnishings and fixtures of the room—pipes, brackets, window-fasteners, etc., are of brass or some other non-magnetic material; and so sensitive are they of vibratory disturbance that stone tables with independent brick foundations descending to a depth of twenty-five feet had to be provided for them. The most extraordinary computations and precise measurements are made possible by the aid of these delicate instruments. There is no electric current, however feeble or strong, whose existence cannot be detected and its strength and direction determined; no degree or portion of time, however minute, but can be measured and registered with the utmost precision — to the five hundred thousandth part of a second; comparisons of the intensities of various lights can also be made, as well as small differences of level between two points determined with absolute accuracy. There is a microscope here that magnifies a million times; an unpretentious-looking machine that calculates with lightning rapidity on the mere turning of a crank, and harmless-looking but deadly magnetic coils lying around capable of shocking a man to death upon the slightest provocation. There is also a clock which is connected electrically with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The Chemical Room.—Another of these out-buildings is devoted to chemistry, a science of which Edison is passionately fond. Here, we are told, he can oftentimes be found pursuing his investigations with all that dogged perseverance and persistent energy for which he is remarkable. And here, sure enough, we caught a glimpse of him on the present occasion, surrounded by bottles of rank-smelling liquid and jars of villainous-looking compounds, apparently heedless of the fumes and vapors emitted therefrom. Indeed, he rather seemed to be enjoying himself. A loose linen wrapper completely enveloped his figure, and as he stood there, bareheaded, he presented a most striking picture. Edison is a great worker, and his labors are frequently continued far into the night.

Of the two remaining buildings one is used as a chemical store-room, and in the other is stationed one of the Edison magnetic ore separators, for the treatment of lean iron ores.

There are also a carpenter's-shop, a blacksmith's-shop, and a pattern-shop on the premises, while situated at the extreme south end of the grounds, with a neat little frame house all to itself, is the photographic studio. This latter establishment, like all the other accessories of the laboratory, is complete in every respect, being equipped with everything in the way of lenses, cameras, etc., that the most ardent disciple of Daguerre could desire.

Our "tour of inspection" is ended, and as we journey homeward, reflecting upon the wonderful institution we have just left, its singular completeness of equipment, and many unique characteristics, we cannot but think with admiration of the extraordinary achievements of the man whose workshop it is, and whose first experiments were conducted in the corner of a baggage-car.

Thomas Maguire

THE COKE REGION TROUBLES.

WHILE the troubles in the coke region of Pennsylvania have subsided, so far as the work of production is concerned, the attempt of the operating companies to evict the striking miners from their houses has been followed by serious disorder, culminating, in one or two instances, in actual rioting, in which women, the wives of the Hungarian and Slav miners, have been prominent participants. The sheriff and his deputies were assailed with great violence in several cases, being pelted with missiles of every sort, and they appear to have been compelled to resort to the use of fire-arms in self-defense, with the result that one or two women were killed and other persons were injured. In many instances the women used axes and other equally dangerous implements in their assaults upon the officers. In some parts of the disaffected district it has been found necessary to re-enforce the civil authority by the presence of a company of militia.

The ferocity manifested by the women seems to have been greater than that displayed by the men, who appear to have been content that their wives and daughters and sweethearts should bear the brunt of the resistance to the execution of the legal processes. Notwithstanding the opposition of the strikers the houses belonging to the operating companies have been, for the most part, taken and held by the constabulary, while some of those resisting eviction have been placed under arrest.

THE LATE GERMAN FIELD-MARSHAL.

THE late Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, who died suddenly on the 24th ult., will be remembered in history as the man who made Prussia the greatest military power in Europe, and who with Bismarck created the imperial system of reunited Germany. Of the three men who contributed to make Germany the great commanding factor which she now is, Bismarck alone remains. Count von Moltke was for over sixty years identified with the military service, and from boyhood manifested those great qualities as a strategist which made him in the end the foremost soldier of Europe.

He reduced the prosecution of war to an exact science, every detail of military organization being to him a matter of scientific calculation. For four years he was engaged in preparing for the war with France, which he regarded as inevitable, and when hostilities finally broke out he was of all men, perhaps, the least moved by the collision. The direction of the campaign against France was entirely his. Every movement of troops and every military combination was made under his personal supervision. Neither the extent of the field occupied, the magnitude and wide

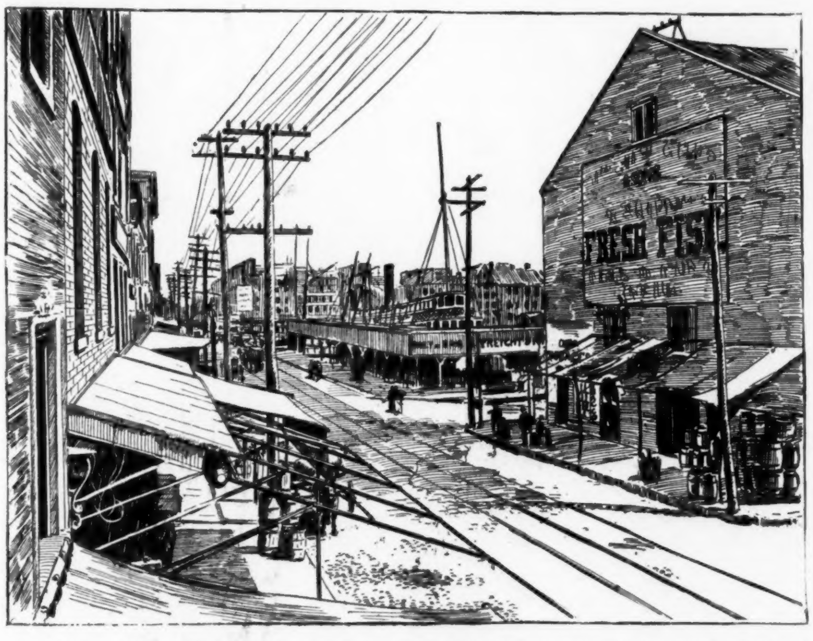
distribution of the forces engaged, nor the plans of the enemy could confuse or embarrass him. With his maps and colored indicators he followed the march of the troops, decided upon the points to be occupied, sagaciously anticipated the intentions of his opponents, and in nearly every instance triumphantly achieved his purpose in spite of all the obstacles interposed.

It is narrated of him, as illustrating his superb coolness, that during the seven weeks of war between Prussia and Austria, when in the midst of a battle in which the non-arrival of certain re-enforcements seemed liable to frustrate the Prussian combinations, the count at the supreme moment quietly selected a cigar from Bismarck's offered case and proceeded to smoke it with perfect unconcern. Bismarck says that when he found the field-marshal cool enough thus to choose a cigar while vast interests hung in the balance, he felt comforted and assured that everything was going right.

Count von Moltke was held in universal respect and affection by the German people, and the Emperor, in his order instructing the army to go into mourning, expresses a sense of the irreparable loss to himself, to the army, and to the Fatherland. "To his last hour," says the Emperor, "the deceased enjoyed unprecedented renown, by reason of his military achievements and his services for the welfare of the Fatherland, whose gratitude will never die." The funeral of the great soldier was marked by great display, the route in Berlin, which was five miles long, being lined with troops and veterans. All the sovereigns of Europe sent telegrams of condolence to the family of the dead soldier.

A HISTORIC EVENT RECALLED.

ANOTHER illustration of the fact that the animosities engendered by the Civil War have been obliterated by the lapse of time was afforded by the reception given to the veterans of the historic Massachusetts Sixth Regiment, on the occasion of their recent visit to Baltimore. Thirty years ago, when this regiment passed through that city on its way to the defense of the national capital, it was assailed by a violent and vindictive mob in the streets, and four of its members were killed, while thirty-two others were more or less seriously injured. The attack of the secession sympathizers upon the regiment produced an immense sensation throughout the North, and greatly quickened the popular sympathy with the military movements then in progress.



CORNER OF PRATT AND LIGHT STREETS, WHERE THE FIRST ASSAULT WAS MADE UPON THE REGIMENT.

Revisiting the city on the 19th of April last, the veterans, who are included in the Worcester Light Infantry, were received with the warmest hospitality. The municipal authorities united with representatives of the army and navy, and with local military and Grand Army bodies, in doing honor to the visitors. They were escorted with demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the populace to the Carrollton Hotel, where they were formally welcomed by the Mayor and subsequently royally entertained.

During the two days that the veterans remained in the city they were the recipients of constant courtesies, and they returned to their home satisfied that Baltimore fully deserves its reputation for hospitality.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

THE enthusiastic welcome extended to President Harrison in the cities of the Southwest has been supplemented by still more hospitable receptions in California, and especially in San Francisco. The demonstrations in the more populous centres of Texas—notably at Houston, Galveston, and San Antonio—attested most emphatically the respect of the people for the Presidential office, and their recognition of the high character of its incumbent, while on the Pacific slope the manifestations leave no doubt of the popular appreciation of the rare honor of a visit from the President of the Republic. We illustrate elsewhere two or three of the notable receptions given the President while *en route* to the Pacific.

HON. LORENZO CROUNSE.

THE post of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, made vacant by the appointment of General Batcheller as Minister to Portugal, has been filled by the appointment of ex-Congressman Lorenzo Crounse, of Nebraska. Mr. Crounse is a native of New York, and fifty-seven years of age. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was practicing at the bar; he at once raised a battery of artillery and entered the army as a captain, serving until he was severely wounded, when he resigned his commission. In 1865 he removed to Nebraska Territory, and a year later became a member of the Nebraska Territorial Legislature, and assisted in framing the present State Constitution. When the Territory was admitted into the sisterhood of the Union as a State he was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and at the end of his term was elected a Representative in Congress, and was re-elected two years later. His appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury is attributed to the personal preference of Secretary Foster, with whom he served as a member of the House.

WALL STREET.—RECURRING EVENTS.

IF the theory that panics and seasons of prosperity alternate at regular periods has anything to justify it, then it is time for a wave of prosperity to make itself felt in the United States.

It is certain that the long-continued depression in Wall Street has given the bulls their opportunity, for prices could hardly fall off very much from the low level at which they have been, while there is abundant room for a rise all round. It is this peculiar condition of affairs that enabled the bulls to take advantage of the excellent prospect of crops here and the fear of poor crops abroad to give a sudden moving, upward impulse to Wall Street.

If we were to have had a bull market at all this year, there was no better time for it to come than the present. The spring movement in stocks which, year after year, for many years past has been looked for with considerable regularity, and has been attempted if it has not been completed, has materialized some years, while in others it has failed.

If a bull movement could be sustained from now until the early summer months, as it was a little over ten years ago, and if the prophets of the foreseen good crops at home and bad crops abroad prophesy correctly, we might and could witness an old-fashioned, rampant, and raging bull market that would carry high prices up to the close of the year, and up to the eve of the Presidential election—for it must be remembered that Presidential years are seasons of unrest and depression.

But it does seem to me that conditions are not altogether favorable to such a permanent bull market. So far as crop reports go, while ours may be full of promise, it is too early to say positively what they will be, and it certainly is too early to calculate that there will be a very large shortage abroad. It is for this reason that I advise my readers to take a good protit when they can get it, and buy in at the favorable opportunities that reactions are bound to afford from time to time.

If the bears succeed in getting the upper hand again they will have an abundance of argument on their side. First of all, consider the heavy gold shipments. Then bear in mind the alleged depleted condition of our national treasury. And, above all, at any time we may have news of a severe stringency in the money markets of Paris or Berlin. A crash in either of these capitals would inevitably be felt here, and might be the first stroke that would send prices down with startling rapidity. Still I am not on the bear side just yet.

I advise my readers who insist on speculating and cannot wait for a reaction, to prefer the purchase of low-priced bonds to anything else. These will have a better and longer rise, and will in the end be safer to have than the low-priced speculative stocks. Dividend-paying securities—bonds and stocks—are always to be preferred, but if one wants to speculate, and insists on taking non-dividend payers, let him make his choice of some low-priced bond, and he will be better off if the market should break than the holders of cheap and in some instances absolutely worthless stocks.

On the bull side, it is to be said that there are rumors of several combinations that will be helpful to the market. Just at the moment that the public is officially advised of these combinations, I shall be satisfied that we are to have a still further rise. We have been promised these combinations ever since New Year's, but events have been unfavorable, and as a result the market has proved discouraging.

I am not inclined to believe that much English money has gone into our stocks as yet, though it has gone into them more than into anything else. English capital is exceedingly timid since its experience with the Argentine, Chilian, and Colonial securities. An evidence of this is found in the fact that the new Victorian loan of $15,000,000, bringing three and one-half per cent. interest, recently offered in London at the minimum price of 97½, was only two-thirds subscribed for. The remainder was withdrawn.

In Paris, speculation is almost paralyzed, and rumors affecting the stability of some of its financial institutions are being circulated. The Bank of England, to meet the demand for gold from Russia, Germany, and France, has raised its rate of discount. Its reserves are too small to permit it to allow their further depletion. I have repeatedly expressed the fear that there must still be liquidation in Berlin, and possibly a financial crisis. The manner in which the Germans have been selling all their American securities, and especially the Northern Pacifics, proves that I am not far from right.

"A. S. W." writes from Macomb, Ill., to "Jasper": "Will you give your opinion of the Guaranty Savings and Loan Association of Minneapolis?" I have had a number of inquiries in reference to these loan associations. It is impossible to get at the facts regarding them, and I only repeat what I have said before—that I think the rates of interest in Illinois and other States, and the opportunities for investment, should be quite as good as those in Minneapolis, where real estate speculation has been notoriously overdone.

A correspondent at Sioux City, Iowa, asks if Northern Pacific preferred is not a bargain at present prices. It is perhaps a better bargain to-day than it was before the German holders sold out. My correspondent will remember that on the 3d of January I said in this column that "the German hoidings of all the Villards may be thrown upon this market." It is now—three months after my prediction—that that prediction is proved to have been correct, for it is now announced that the Germans have been relieved of their load and have closed out their account with Mr. Villard. I am not entirely satisfied with the situation and showing of the Northern Pacific, and cannot conscientiously advise any of my readers to buy the stock as an investment. As a speculation it will do on a rising market.

A correspondent at Philadelphia asks regarding the American Cotton Oil securities and the National Cordage Company. Cotton Oil is a manipulated security, pure and simple. It has been very low, and stands a fair prospect of a rise on a rising market. National Cordage Company is being exploited in a way I do not like, and I cannot advise its purchase. The ridiculous statement has been recently made by its promoters that its stock will rise because the wheat crop will be large, and a large wheat crop means an increased demand for binder twine. Everybody knows that binder twine is but a part of the output of the National Cordage Company's business. This looks to me like a rather slim foundation for a rise.

A Madison, Wis., correspondent asks "Jasper" if money will be tighter shortly, and if that would not affect a bull market. Certainly it would, and certainly it will. I see many evidences that money will be tighter before many months—possibly many weeks—go by. With the present condition of things it would be very easy for some of the great money-lenders to make money tight, and by a combination with the bears, to drag down prices. At present the money-lenders seem to be on the side of the bulls, and so long as they stay there they will keep the price of money low.

"'JASPER':—I would like to buy four or five hundred shares of Canada Southern at the present price, provided, however, you think it is a purchase. Do you think there is a five or ten point rise in it by the last day of June? Yours truly, J. D.
"CHATTANOOGA, TENN., *April 25th*, 1891."

If the strength of the market holds out I consider Canada Southern a profitable purchase, and if the market slumps, it and the remainder of the Vanderbilts will in all probability "hold their own" better than the stocks of any other class. What effect the anticipated order of the Treasury Department (regarding the transmission of goods in bond by rail) may have on Canada Southern is conjectural, but I am told that there is little fear regarding it.

Jasper

ATTRACTIONS FOR PLAY-GOERS.

AT the New Park "A Straight Tip" continues its remarkable run. Everybody who sees it once goes back again to have his laugh out.

"The Tar and the Tarter," by the McCaull Opera Troupe, which has just been tried on in Chicago, is said to be a success. It will be the attraction to follow Miss Coghlan at Palmer's Theatre.

A good deal of interest is manifested in the production of "Wang" by the De Wolf Hopper Company at the Broadway. There is some very funny "business" in it, and the mounting is elaborate.

Everybody who has seen Denman Thompson at the Academy will want to see "Home, Sweet Home," another play at the Academy depicting rural life, and enlivened by some of the most unique and attractive stage settings New York has ever seen.

"The Power of the Press" at the Star has given way to James O'Neill in "The Envoy," by Edward J. Swartz. The Star has the merit of having brought out some very bright things during the present season.

The Lyceum, which has been so successfully managed this season, has as its next attraction Robert B. Mantell in his new plays, "The Veiled Picture" and "A Lesson in Acting." He will have the support of a new company, said to be well selected.

The substitution of "The Merchant" for that play of phenomenal merits, "Alabama," at the Madison Square Theatre, was made too soon. "Alabama" properly deserved a run for the rest of the season. It is one of the striking theatrical hits of the year.

Stuart Robson, at the Union Square Theatre, in his humorous comedy of "The Henrietta," is as cheerful, blithe, and gay as ever. I have no doubt he is back again for another long run. Few comedians are more popular than Robson, few more gifted, and none has a better play.

Richard Mansfield's revival of "Beau Brummel" at the Garden Theatre has been a success; but expectation centres particularly about his new play, written by himself, "Don Juan," shortly to be produced for the first time. If there is anything in it Mr. Mansfield may be depended upon to bring it out.

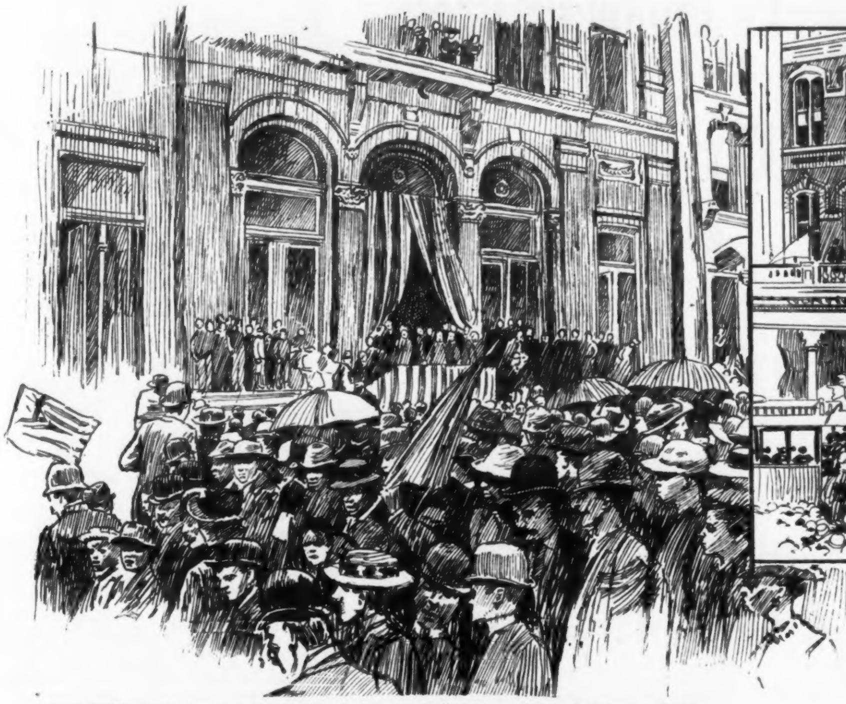
Rose Coghlan had a very hearty welcome at Palmer's Theatre in her new play, "Lady Barter." I cannot say that I am entirely pleased with the motive and character of the drama. The only thing that saves it is the beauty, winsomeness, vivacity, and vigor of Miss Coghlan herself. These are in part revealed by the picture printed herewith.

THE STROLLER.

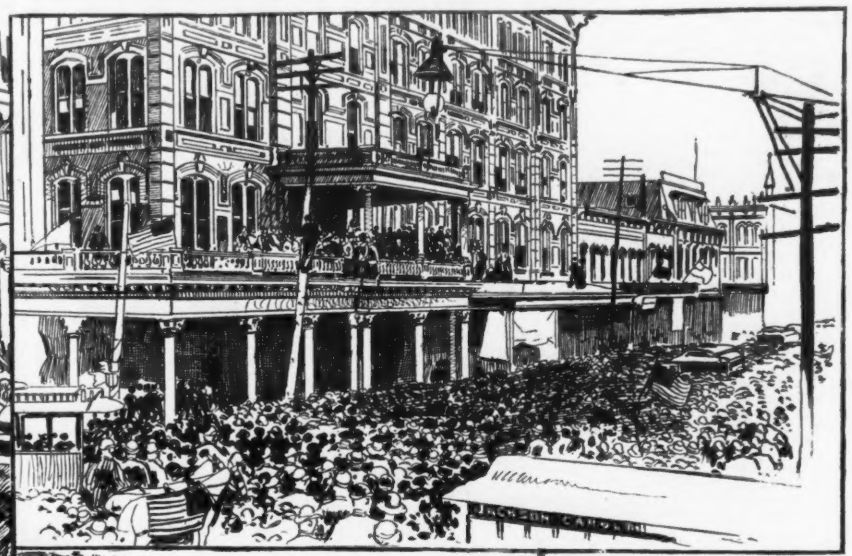
ROSE COGHLAN AS "LADY BARTER," AT PALMER'S THEATRE.

A DAY WITH EDISON, THE ELECTRICIAN.

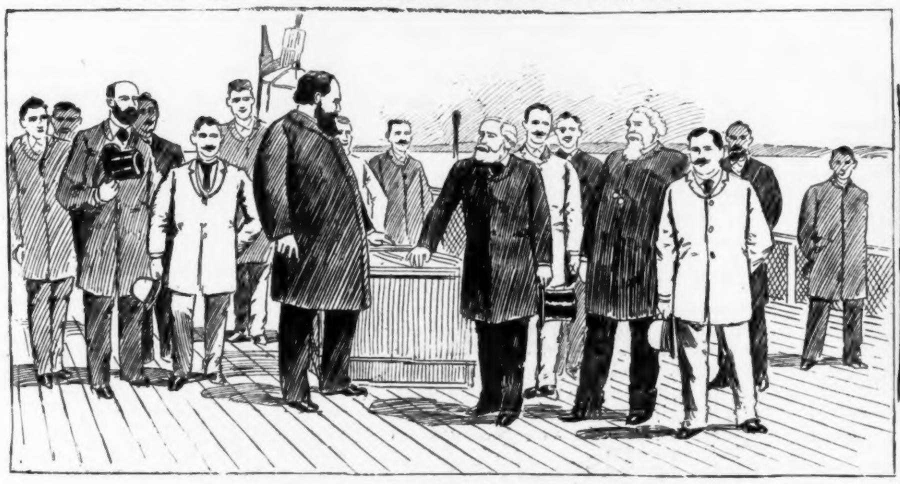
HIS LABORATORIES, RESIDENCE, ETC.—DRAWN BY C. BUNNELL.—[SEE PAGE 240.]



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING AT THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, MEMPHIS, TENN.



THE RECEPTION AT THE CAPITOL HOTEL, HOUSTON, TEXAS.



GOVERNOR HOGG, OF TEXAS, TELLS A STORY.

SCENE ON THE WHARF AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.

INCIDENTS OF THE TOUR OF PRESIDENT HARRISON TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

From Photos by George E. Burr, Special Staff Artist of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper" Accompanying the Presidential Party.

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STOCKS are in strong hands. I am a bull on the market. Railroad earnings are larger. So says Rufus Batchelor, Broker at 44 Broadway, New York.

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LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker and Commission Broker at 50 Broadway, New York City, says: "The bulls seem to hold the market. Only fear to a rapid advance is through Government contraction of the currency."

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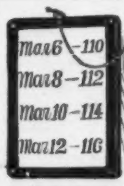

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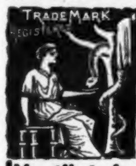

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